

## BITS OF TRAVEL.

## II.

## ANTWERP AND COLOGNE.

THE journey from Brussels to Antwerp, the commercial capital of Belgium, is an exceedingly pleasant one, over a level country, chequered with planted forests and highly cultivated fields. When the old town is reached, you are struck with its thoroughly foreign appearance, and with the air of musty ages that hovers over its ancient buildings and distinguishes its narrow, crooked streets. It is a city of industry and wealth. It has been the seat of a national school of art, and to-day contains within its famous churches the masterpieces of its most celebrated painters, Rubens and his rival pupil Van Dyke.

In the cathedral the great pictures by the former; "The Raising of the Cross," and "Descent from the Cross," are guarded carefully, and exhibited only in the presence of the custodian, at certain hours of the day. There are many art treasures and other curiosities about the cathedral; the most striking of all being the old staircase, which winds its way heavenward six hundred and sixteen steps, attaining an eminence reached by but one other church-spire on the continent. The view from this magnificent

height is wonderfully beautiful, well repaying one for the exertion of the ascent.

The Church of St. Jacques contains twenty-two chapels, erected and lavishly decorated by the wealthiest families of the kingdom. The sculpture employed in beautifying them is astonishing. Some of the screens are cut, in various colored marble, as fine as lace work. In these chapels private confessionals are placed, where the members of the respective families, to whom they belong, meet the priests to unburden their minds of conscious guilt, and receive absolution for their sins.

Not far distant, and near the church of St. Paul, is a miniature Mount Calvary, built to represent the scenes of the crucifixion and burial of the Savior. A cross is erected at the top with a figure stretched upon it, and at one side the sepulchre is shown, with a sculptured body lying upon a bier. To this monument of idolatrous and perverted Christianity, pilgrimages are made from Catholic communities all over the world. The adoration of barefooted devotees, as they ascend the Mount, and prostrate themselves at the foot of the cross, looking up piteously at the wooden figure stretched upon it, almost makes one for-

get he is in a Christian land, at seeing such examples of image worship.

The private art galleries in Antwerp are numerous. We visited that of the Count Nottebaum, and were greatly pleased with the picture of "Jane Shore."

Antwerp is the principal diamond cutting city of the world; there are entire streets in which this is the chief industry represented. As an indication of its maritime importance, it is only necessary to mention the Antwerp docks, built by Napoleon, which have accommodations for two thousand vessels.

Our journey from this city was over a level, cultivated country until we reached Verviers, the frontier town of Germany; thence past Aix la Chapelle, the burying place of Charlemagne, to Cologne, the land is beautifully undulating, often presenting scenes that are quite picturesque—harbingers of the wonderful landscape of the Rhine.

As the sun was setting, the unfinished towers of the great Cathedral of Cologne rose up before our gaze. It is the largest building we had yet seen, being five hundred and eleven feet long, two hundred and eleven feet wide and one hundred and sixty feet high inside. It has been in course of construction about six hundred years, and while the workmen are laboring above to complete the towers, at the base they are repairing the older parts. The outside of the building with its decorative sculptures, represents the four seasons; within, it is a marvel of architectural skill and graceful artistic embellishment.

In one of the towers there is a treasure room, containing sacred relics and gifts to the church. Among the former are two thorns from the "Crown of Thorns," and a piece of the cross upon which the Savior was crucified, inlaid in massive gold and set in circles of diamonds and other precious stones; also links from Peter's prison chains, and many other things of a similar character. "The casket of the three kings, or wise men of the east," is a box of pure gold,

inlaid with all manner of precious stones of great value; it is said to be worth six million francs, while the entire value of the treasure in the room, including crowns, sceptres and pontifical robes of velvet, is stated to be thirteen million francs.

Of course we wanted to purchase some genuine *Eau de Cologne* at the original manufacturers, but found it not an easy matter to determine which, of the thirty-two firms claiming that distinction, was the one having a right to it. However, we read the circulars of the various pretenders, and obtained a few bottles of the famous water from the veritable "*Johann Maria Farina; Julichs Platz No. 4,*" with every assurance that we had the "Simon pure" article.

In visiting a medium sized white church on a hill, we all at once found ourselves enclosed by shelves, containing thousands of human skulls, arranged in rows running round the church, in and out of recesses, chapels and corridors, over the capitals of columns and in niches, prepared on purpose. Some of the skulls are painted in a variety of colors. We thought we had surely entered the original "whited sepulchre, full of dead men's bones," but soon learned that it was only the church of St. Ursula, built in commemoration of that famous, if not fabulous personage, and the eleven thousand virgins, who shared her martyrdom.

The legend of St. Ursula and the eleven thousand virgins can be traced, substantially in its present form, as far back as the close of the eleventh century, and is contained in the Chronicle of Sigebert as follows:

"Ursula was the daughter of the British King Deeonatus; and on account of her distinguished beauty, was sought in marriage by the son of a heathen prince, who was originally named Holofernes, but afterwards, when a Christian, was called Ætherius. Her father was forced to yield to the demand, but Ursula made it a condition that her suitor should become a Christian, and that she should be

allowed a space of three years, during which she proposed, in company with her maidens, to each of whom should be assigned a thousand companions, and a three-oared galley to convey them, to make a voyage of pious pilgrimage.

"The conditions were accepted; the maidens, to the number of eleven thousand, were collected from all parts of the world; and at length the expedition set sail from the British coast. Arriving at the mouth of the Rhine, they sailed up the river to Cologne, and thence upwards to Basel, where, leaving their galleys, they proceeded by land to visit the tombs of the Apostles at Rome. This pilgrimage accomplished, they descended the river to Cologne, which, however, had meanwhile fallen into the hands of an army of Hunnish invaders, under the leadership of a chief who, although not named, is plainly the Attila of history.

"Landing at Cologne in ignorant security, the pious virgins fell into the hands of these barbarous heathens, by whom they were all put to the sword, with the exception of Ursula, who, for her beauty's sake, was reserved as a prize for the chief. She, however, as well as another maiden, who had at first concealed herself in terror, demanded to join her companions in martyrdom, and thus the full number of eleven thousand victims was made up.

"Heaven, however, interposed. A host of angel warriors smote the cruel Huns; Cologne was again set free; and in gratitude to their martyred intercessors, the citizens erected a church on the site still occupied by the Church now known under the name of St. Ursula."

*De Vallibus.*

## THE SCHWARZWALD, OR BLACK FOREST.

**T**HE present is an age of great cities.

We can point to enormous centers of population where millions are crowded together commanding all the resources of modern civilized life. The past was an age of forests, when men were, with few exceptions, more scattered and less stationary; when they wandered from spot to spot with their flocks and herds, or in hunting expeditions, on foot or on horseback, and looked with wondering awe upon immense hills and valleys clothed with the thickest woods, and infested with wolves and boars. Even in the great forest age, the *Hercynia Sylva* was renowned. It reached from Suabia to Saxony, touched the Rhine and ran along the banks of the Danube as far as Transylvania. Cæsar spent nine days in crossing a part of it, and it took more than eight weeks to traverse it from end to end in its longest direction. The warrior and historian gives an account of its character and of its wild beasts in the sixth book of his *Gallic Wars*. In the *Hercynia Sylva* were included, on the north, a region called the *Marciana Sylva*, and, on the south, the *Mons Abnoba*; the former ran up near the countries now known as Thuringia and the Harz—the latter unfolded the sources of the River Danube. Of the vast sweep of these rather indefinite boundaries some idea may be formed by a glance at the modern map of Europe; roughly they may be said to correspond with the present Grand Duchy of Baden, and that district or cycle of the kingdom of Württemberg which bears the name of the Black Forest. The old *Marciana Sylva* and the *Mons Abnoba* are not identical with the German Schwarzwald; but they included this large region of wooded hills, bounded by the Rhine on the west and south, and by the Neckar and Suabia to the north and east. The Schwarzwald, according to the "Imperial Gazetteer," is one hundred and fifty miles long, and, in some part, forty-five miles broad. Toward the north the mountain chain rapidly subsides, and some geog-

raphers mark it as terminating near Neuenburg and Pforzheim. The north division is called the Lower Schwarzwald, the south portion the Higher. The culminating point is the Feldberg, four thousand eight hundred feet high. The whole of the Schwarzwald is now encompassed, and the south is penetrated by a railway.

At the remote period just noticed, the age of forests, it was scarcely accessible, and only a few daring spirits attempted to explore its dark depths. The somber hue of its wide-spreading woods has given it its modern name, and it seems to have suggested images of terror, and inspired emotions of fear, in the minds of the roving tribes who peopled the north and eastern sides. They looked upon it, however, as a natural defense against the aggressions of the Roman Empire, which made inroads upon Germany, and they rejoiced in the difficulties presented by the black chain of hills to the march of conquering legions. For a long period the forests had few or no inhabitants; but people wandered or settled on its skirts, and then gradually cleared their way into the interior, seeking in the valleys pasturage for their cattle, cutting down from the hills materials for their habitations. Ethnologists think that they can discover in the present inhabitants indications of physical and mental differences, which they ascribe to varieties of race; and hence they hazard a theory of distinct tribes having here come together, some of Celtic, others of Teutonic origin. Be that as it may, there can be no doubt that an early date, however the Germans might look on the Schwarzwald as a bulwark of protection, the Romans made their way into the neighborhood, laying down roads and erecting forts in the Hercynian Forest, according to their established policy. The remains of a Roman settlement, it is said, are to be seen near Hüfingen, a station on the Black Forest Railway, not far from Donaueschingen, where, in an interesting museum, some Roman antiquities are preserved.

Up in the Forest, about Unter Kirmach, on the same line, near Villingen, an ancient roadway has been traced, marked by wheel-ruts, pronounced to be a Roman road connecting *Adaris Flavii* (Rottweil) and other places with the Rhine Valley. At Haslach, also on the Black Forest Railway, we are told there are Roman remains.

The best known of such relics are at Baden-Baden. The vaults of the masonry enclosing the *Ursprung*, the principal of the hottest mineral springs, are of Roman construction; and fragments of Roman sculpture dug up in the vicinity have been placed in the building over the fountain; among them are votive tables and altars to Neptune, Mercury, and Juno. Roman vapor baths seem to have existed where the *Neue Schloss* now stands, for remains are shown in the subterranean parts of that interesting edifice, which plainly point to Roman times. The district watered by the Oos, which gives a name to the branch line from the Rhine Valley to Baden, was partially subjugated by Drusus Germanicus, and then more fully conquered by the Emperor Trajan. A Roman colony, named *Civitas Aquensis*, occupied the site of the fashionable modern watering-place. The hot springs were then celebrated, and Caracalla gave Roman freedom to the town, whence it became known as *Civitas Aurelia Aquensis*. Baden-Baden is the chief center for excursions in the Lower Schwarzwald, and is to be regarded as the principal town in that part; and it would appear that this pre-eminence pertained to it of old, and clung to it during the ages of confusion which followed the fall of the Roman Empire. For when the Alemanni, who were the original inhabitants of the neighborhood, and were subjected by the Romans, fell under dominion of the Franks, the new masters of Gaul, Baden-Baden having accepted the Christian religion, made, under its Duke Gottfried, repeated attempts to establish independence, but in vain, and the dukedom was abolished in the eighth century by Pepin the Little. But, in the eleventh century, a Duke Berthold, a reputed descendant of Alemannian Gottfried, built a castle in the Breisgau and founded

the line of the Zähringen princes, one of whom, in the twelfth century, took the title of Margrave of Baden, and was the ancestor of the illustrious house which still reigns over the Grand Duchy.

The history of the country is dim and indistinct during the mediæval period. The Germans have a saying, when a number of particulars touching a subject perplex the mind, that "you can not see the wood for the trees." Certainly it is not on that account that we are unable to discern the historical line which runs through the Schwarzwald of the dark ages. There are scarcely any trees to be seen. The wood is lost in dense clouds, such as, to the disappointment and mortification of the Baden visitor, sometimes envelop and conceal the scenery all round the castle. Legends, it is true, float before the imagination. Like the images seen on the face of the Brocken mists—shadows of forms cast by spectators—stories are told in prose and verse of ancient heroes, and supernatural beings who lived mysterious lives. In the very indifferent frescoes painted on the walls of the Baden Trinkhalle, under the long and stately colonnade, some of these legends are embodied in form and color. There is the *Kellerbild*, which commemorates a phantom maid who haunted the spot so named—two hours' distance from Baden—and fascinated a wanderer, who, after thrice meeting her, in an ecstasy of love, threw himself into her arms only to perish in her embrace. There, too, is painted the *Mummelsee*, a rocky basin on the road from Achern to Allerheiligen, where the *Undines* or Lake Maidens, dwelt in crystal palaces, amidst gardens of coral, and, ascending at night, danced to sweet music in the forest dells, and then vanished at cock-crow. There also may be seen a picture of the *Teufels Kanzel*, a place six miles from Baden, not far from Gernsbach, where the devil is reported to have preached; while, near at hand, stood the *Engles Kanzel*, where an angel of light proclaimed the truth and destroyed the work of the evil one. In the room of history, such dreams gather round some of the woods and waters of the Schwarzwald; and but little can be discerned in the

shape of solid fact by the student who strives to penetrate into the condition of the region ten centuries ago.

Some faint rays of actual truth shoot athwart the dark vista as we travel up and down this romantic realm, for the ruins of abbeys meet us here and there, and castles, or remains of them, adorn some of the most picturesque landscapes.

The missionary labors of Boniface form an interesting chapter in German ecclesiastical annals, but the scenes amidst which those labors were carried on lay to the north of the territory now under consideration; through the influence of other like-minded evangelists, however, Christianity, as it was then understood, made its way into the Black Forest. It was preached to the scattered inhabitants; and at a time when monastic habits were in the ascendancy, brethren of the cowl erected convents in several nooks and corners of the Schwarzwald, and by their industry brought surrounding lands into cultivation, while they instructed the peasantry in some of the elements of the Christian faith.

Two miles from Baden-Baden, at the end of a charming avenue of trees, lies Lichtenthal, a bright, green valley, famous for a monastery built by the Margraves of Baden to shelter one of the religious brotherhoods. On the way thence to Wildbad, through Gernsbach, one may pass through Herrenalb, a village grouped around buildings which belonged to a celebrated abbey, and tombstones of the wicked chiefs who presided over the establishment are found in the church-yard. Hirshau is another village in the same portion of the Lower Schwarzwald, which can boast of the ruins of a convent dedicated to St. Peter. But of all the ecclesiastical ruins which we have seen in the Black Forest, there are none so remarkable as those of Allerheiligen, within a pleasant drive from Achern on the Baden railway.

We might also notice here the church of Peterzell, built by the monks of Reichenau, and the great Benedictine Abbey at St. Georgen, both which places border the line which runs from Offenburg to Singen. St.

Blasen, on the road from Freiburg to Albruck, is another example. Such buildings, at different dates of the Middle Ages, denote the advance, step by step, of religion and civilization in regions once inhospitable, and scarcely ever trodden before by the feet of men. These buildings became centers of population, and villages sprang up around the abbey walls.

The age of abbeys was also an age of castles; they are found, in preservation or in ruins, in several parts of the Baden and Württemberg dominions, within the Forest circles. The visitor at Baden-Baden is almost sure to take a drive to Schloss Eberstein, which crowns a rocky hill commanding a most delightful view of the picturesque valley of the Murg. The figure of a wild boar, from which the castle takes its name, is conspicuous on the gateway; and entering the outer court-yard, you can go round to an inner one, which, recently restored, gives a good idea of the baronial homes and haunts of the wild days, images of which history seeks to recover from oblivion. There are not far off the ruins of another castle, that of Alt Eberstein, originally a Roman watch-tower. In connection with it is told a story to the effect that Otho I, wishing to reduce it to his sway, invited the count who possessed it to a tournament at Spire, with a view to seize it during his absence. But the emperor's daughter fell in love with the count, and disclosed the plot, whereupon he hastened home and saved his domain, and the matter ended, of course, in the marriage of the lovers.

The Alte Schloss is one of the chief resorts of Baden visitors, and there one sees the earliest residence of the reigning family. Its situation, perched on a rock overlooking the valleys of the Oos and the Rhine, reminds us how the chieftains of the Middle Ages sought security by climbing up difficult heights. Not to gaze on beautiful prospects, but to bar their gates and arm their walls against intruding foes, did these old warriors choose the place of their abode. And as the tourist ascends to the top of the remaining towers, and beholds with delight the villages, spires, and water-mills, he is

reminded by the force of contrast how different was the aspect of the country when, in the Middle Ages, the ladies of the family in hours of peace leaned over those battlements.

The Neue Schloss was not erected until the latter part of the fifteenth century, when less savage times released noble families from the necessity of building their nests among the rocks. In 1471 the present castle at the top of the town was begun, and after demolitions, additions, and alterations, it remains, in part, what it was at first, or, rather, it enables an intelligent visitor to picture to himself what it has been, and to surround the court and enliven the apartments with the scenes and associations of other days. The most interesting part of the castle consists of the curious subterranean passages and dungeons, which throw light on the condition of society at the period of their construction, and thus, in the absence of documents, supply materials for history. We revisited these dismal recesses not long ago, after the lapse of more than twenty years, and they deepened impressions already vivid. We saw the perpendicular shafts by which alone, originally, the dungeons were accessible; and the winding passages connected with this shaft, through which it would appear that people entered or were dismissed; and the doors of wood or iron which separated one part from another, and the enormous solid slabs of stone, turning upon ingeniously constructed pivots, which close up some of the cells; and the *Folter Kammer*, or rack-chamber, with iron rings on the walls suggestive of instruments of torture formerly suspended there; and the hall of judgment, where sat the masters of the mysterious tribunal on stone benches, a niche being reserved for the president, who was placed close to the outlet, whence came in and went out himself and his colleagues. We saw also the passage containing a well or pit under the floor, now boarded over, once covered with a trap-door, down which, you are told, the condemned were thrown after being led up to a figure of the Virgin, which they were directed to kiss. Moreover, we had a glimpse

of the pit itself, the opening being visible under the boards, the pit once containing a machine consisting of lancet-studded wheels which tore to pieces the wretched victims thrown against their sharp sides. This mystery of iniquity was discovered, as the story goes, in the attempt to recover a little dog that had fallen into the midst of the cruel machinery, which was found still to contain rusty knives and remains of rags and human bones.

This collection of horrors has excited much curiosity as to its origin and purpose. The entire subterranean arrangement has been connected by some German antiquaries, followed by Sir Walter Scott in his "*Anne of Geierstein*," with the famous Vehm of Westphalia; and it has been supposed that, according to forms observed by that tribunal, prisoners were conveyed blindfold into the castle, then seated in a chair and wound up to a high story, whence, by a windlass, they were let down the shaft into the subterranean prison, and thence conducted to the judgment hall, where they were acquitted or sentenced to inhuman punishment. The constitution of the Westphalian Vehm has been closely examined, its codes of law and manifold arrangements have undergone learned scrutiny; and between some of its meetings, those held in broad day, and the open field, and such proceedings as could have gone on in the Castle of Baden-Baden, no resemblance whatever can be traced. What was done in these vaults must have differed from what was done in the public courts of that well known tribunal. Hence some writers have treated the stories told about the Black Forest Castle with ridicule, and have disdained to attempt any explanation of facts visible to the eyes of every visitor. But secrecy, after all, was the characteristic mark of the Vehm. Its members formed a secret association and had a secret code of laws and carried on their proceedings in secret. If the court sat in an open place, still it bore no resemblance to public tribunals; and the Vehm certainly had meetings which were concealed from general observation. Where they were held nobody knew but the judges and the prisoners.

Such tribunals were instituted, it must be acknowledged, in other places besides Westphalia. A *Vehme* court existed at Strasburg. It is by no means improbable that one existed at Baden-Baden as well. Of course, such a thing can not be identified with the Westphalian system; but it is reasonable enough to suppose that, with some general resemblance, it might carry out its secret methods of procedure on the edge of the Black Forest. What we have seen in the castle just described demonstrates the existence of some sort of secret tribunal there in the Middle Ages, and probably afterwards. Justice, as it is termed, was administered in fashions of this description as late as the sixteenth century, when they declined and disappeared.

These institutions shed a lurid light on the social condition of Germany as long as they existed, whatever theory we may adopt to account for their origin. If they arose out of revenge, cruelty, and a spirit of oppression, then how savage must have been the nature which gave them birth and preserved them so long; and if they were rude methods to maintain order in an age of misrule, to put right what was really wrong, then what a reflection is cast upon the public law and government of the day, which needed such perilous means to supplement legal deficiencies!

The Peasants' War, which made a good deal of havoc in Germany four hundred years ago, indicated the miserable state of the rural population at that period. It was one of the fruits of the feudal system, which contained in it a wonderful mixture of good and evil. Oppressive laws ground down the

lower classes; irresponsible power produced intense suffering, and the victims of wrong turned against their masters, and endeavored to throw off the galling yoke. The villagers were treated as serfs, denied personal rights, and required to do all manner of things for the lords and ladies of the lands on which they lived. They complained that "they were obliged to hunt for snails, wind yarn, gather fruit, and do all manner of things for others without pay. They had to work for their lords and ladies in fine weather, and for themselves in the rain. Huntsmen and hounds ran about without considering the damage they did." In *Suabia* and *Thuringia*, to the north of the Black Forest, these complaints were rife; hence the wars which sprang up in that part of Germany at the time of the Reformation. Probably some of the people of the Black Forest suffered inconveniences of this description, however quiet and patient they might be. It is a remarkable fact that on the borders of the Black Forest villeinage (*Leibeigenschaft*) continued to obtain down to the last quarter of the eighteenth century; for, at Entingen, two miles beyond Pforzheim, where tourists turn off from the main line of railway, by a branch which leads to the fashionable resort of Wildbad, there stands a small pyramid erected by the villagers to commemorate the abolition of serf-like dependence by Prince Charles Frederick, in 1789. "Before that time," as we are told, "the peasantry of this part of *Württemberg* were *adscripti glebæ*, bought and sold with the land, and obliged to work a certain number of days in the week for their landlords."

From our Correspondent.

## CHRISTMAS TIMES IN GERMANY.

December 28.

No season is more heartily welcomed in Germany than Christmas. The holidays which it brings are, even when ever so short, a pleasant preparation for the commencement of the year. The gifts given and received, and the family gatherings, make Christmas time a period of joy. For the devout it is a time of religious improvement, both in its own associations and in the festivals which follow it. The saints' days are among Protestants observed without any superstitious notions being connected with them, and simply as days for religious services. Last Saturday, December 21, was St. Thomas' day. Then came in this week, in addition to Christmas eve and Christmas day, St. Stephen's day, on the 26th, and yesterday St. John's day. As the day of death was looked upon as that of the highest nativity, and as Stephen is the first whose death is recorded after the Christian Church was founded on Pentecost, his day follows immediately the incarnation. The old saying was: "*Heri natus est Christus in terris, ut hodie Stephanus in Coelis.*" The 27th was given to St. John, partly on account of his testimony at the beginning of his gospel,—“The word was made flesh,”—and because he especially in his epistles insists upon the importance of the incarnation in opposition to gnostic errors; partly because he was the disciple most intimately connected with our Lord on earth; and partly because it is said that St. John's church at Ephesus was dedicated on this day. The Roman Catholics (but not the Protestants) devote the 28th to the memory of the children slain by Herod's command. Next week, on Tuesday, comes St. Sylvester's day, which is rather celebrated as New Year's eve, when the churches are, as might be expected, generally full. Then comes New Year's day, which happens to be also the festival in memory of the circumcision of Christ. Protestants here celebrate it only as New Year's day. It seems remarkable that New Year's eve should be so generally called *Sylvestera-bend* (Sylvester's Evening) in Protestant parts of Germany, Sylvester having been one of the popes, and the one with whose name the origin of the temporal power is connected, for Constantine is said to have given him the *Patrimonium Petri*. He died on December 3d, and is honored as a saint by the Romish and Greek Churches, but not by the Protestants. It was in his time that the Council of Nice was held. He is said to have been the one who converted Constantine to Christianity, and it may be that most Protestants here think that he really belongs to the Primitive Church, which had not yet become Romish.

Germany and France may be looked upon as the lands which have contributed most to the origin and development of Christmas. The *Saturnalia* of ancient Rome bore some resemblance to the customs and ideas of the present season. It commemorated the good old times of peace and joy under the rule of Saturn, when liberty and equality prevailed. Little presents were given, especially wax candles and children's playthings. Slaves were for the time on an equality with their masters, and dined at their table. But this feast was from December 17 to 19, or at longest from 17th till the 23d. The Jewish feast of Dedication, which took place in winter, and was instituted by Judas Maccabæus, when (B. C. 165) he purified the temple after it had been for three years polluted by heathen ceremonies. The burning of wax lights which then takes place may present some resemblance to the Christmas lights. Still more may Christmas be the feast of the true dedication of the true temple that is Christ's body. But at the time when Christmas was introduced, Jewish ideas had ceased to prevail in Christianity, and Christmas had, as is well known, its origin in the Western rather than Eastern Church. Chrysostom says distinctly that it was first known to those in the West and taught by these to the Eastern Church. The opinion most probably correct is that it was first celebrated in Gaul in the fourth century.

One can scarcely imagine any other time of the year being chosen to commemorate the coming of Christ than just after the days have become shortest, and when after darkness had reached its utmost limit, a time of increasing light commences. Nearly all European tribes, but especially the Celts and Germans, viewed this as an unusually holy period. The latter celebrated at their winter solstice their great Yule festival (*Julfest*) in honor of the return of the fiery wheel of the sun, and they believed that in the twelve nights from December 26 till January 6, the gods went about and made their presence felt. These twelve nights have far more superstitions connected with them than any other part of the year. Indeed the old Germans seem to have imagined the whole world of their gods to be then let loose upon earth. It is then that the wild hunter (*de wilde Jäger*) goes about with his large hat and fiery dogs, attended by witches without heads, making fearful noise, and carrying away those whom he meets. Each of these twelve days contains a prophecy of one of the coming twelve months. Whatever is dreamt in these days comes true in the corresponding month. These mysterious twelve are full of superstitions which evidently have a heathen origin. On the Runic stones and in the old calendars the commencement of the Yule festival is noted, during which all prosecutions and quarrels cease, and violators of this are doubly or trebly punished.

In some of the islands of the South Seas idolatry is said to have altogether disappeared and little or nothing is known of the rites formerly practised. When any of the Christians there are asked about these, they are said to put their finger upon the lips, as if to say that the old times, with their rites, must now be buried in forgetfulness. But as soon as Christianity began to become corrupt in

the first centuries of the Christian era, it would seem that the Christian teachers rather allowed many old notions and customs to remain, and only sought to give these a Christian interpretation. Yet this did not do away with the heathenism. Instead of the Christmas tree, which has only lately been introduced into England, there is, especially in the north, the Yule block, which is laid upon the hearth on Christmas eve, and allowed to burn during the whole night. The adorning of houses and churches with evergreens is English more than German. Although the mistletoe plays a most important part in northern mythology, it is comparatively neglected in Germany and finds its admirers rather in England.

But what most characterizes the German Christmas is perhaps, after all, the Christmas tree, which is a relic of the old sacred trees of the ancient Germans. Every one knows the history of Bonifacius cutting down the holy oak of Geismar, which was sacred to the god Thor. The story of the wounded Saxon is well known, who had himself carried into the sacred wood, there to recover or die. Particular ancient trees were especially sacred. These trees received also offerings. The heads and skins of sacrificed animals were hung upon them. They were sprinkled, too, with blood, crowned with garlands and lighted wax tapers. These were offerings not to the tree, but to God, to whom the tree was sacred. How the tree came to be identified with Christmas is not so certain. Perhaps it figured in the old *Julfest*. Or it may be that Bonifacius, and those who acted on his system, took the most prominent object in the old worship and sought to incorporate it with the chief festival of Christianity. In other respects the tree was a sacred object in northern mythology. The first man and woman (Ask and Embla) were made out of two trees which the three original gods found on the seashore. More than that, the whole system of the universe was represented by the image of a mighty ash tree, which had three roots, gave universal nourishment, was gnawed by a serpent and thus decayed—an intimation that the world itself would come to an end.

Among the northern heathens of Europe the summer solstice was publicly celebrated by the lighting of fires, and the winter solstice in the family by the fir tree covered with tapers. Gregory the Great urged that this latter custom should be turned into the service of Christianity by having a Christian signification given to it. It was formerly usual, and it is still in some places the custom, to place under the tree Adam and Eve, and on the summit of it an angel with a flaming sword or with a rod. Those who adopted such figures in order to suggest a Christian meaning intended to represent the true knowledge of good and evil, the fall, the need of redemption, and the salvation which came through the branch out of the root of Jesse. The lights pointed out the light of the world. Sometimes a star appeared on the summit, to denote the star of Bethlehem. Whilst there was this tree in the family, there appeared in the church the *Krippe*, or manger, giving a representation of Bethlehem; the stable; Mary, Joseph, and the infant; the shepherds and their flocks; the angels, &c. The Reformers wisely seized upon the Christmas tree as the symbol of family joy and preferred it to the church show, so that the former prevailed among the Protestants and the manger among the Catholics. The picture by Schwerttgeburth of Luther in the midst of his family at Wittenberg on Christmas eve, 1536, rests, no doubt, on an historical basis, and may have contributed in part to make the Christmas tree so popular among Protestants.

Every one must admit that it would be impossible to fix with certainty upon even the year in which our Lord was born. In the sixth century Dionysius Exiguus fixed upon the year 754 A. V. C., which Bede afterwards adopted, two centuries later, in his learned works, and which came into general use in the reigns of Pepin and Charlemagne. Most would now agree that our Lord was born five or six years earlier and perhaps in the year of Rome 748. To fix the day of our Lord's birth would, of course, be a simple impossibility. No time is, however, more fitting than that which has been selected. For those in the Northern hemisphere midwinter and for those in the Southern midsummer. As long as the festival is acknowledged to have only human authority, and not placed on a level with the Sabbath day, it would be foolish to object to its celebration. This super-exalting of Christmas is perhaps only to be found, however, among Anglican ritualists. The Christmas tree came, like the Reformation, from Saxony, and is now seen also in non-German countries and seems, indeed, to have found favor even outside the pale of Christianity. This Christmas tree, the symbol of pure family happiness, cannot travel from hand to hand without bringing with it some lessons of gospel truth, and it seems to be already doing a double work of blessing for man. In the first place, it gives prominence to the family and groups all into family circles, or makes seclusion more painfully felt where family life is not enjoyed. Then it cannot fail to bring into notice the incarnation with the necessity and object of this great event.

*For Forest and Stream and Rod and Gun*  
FIELD SPORTS IN GERMANY.

LEIPSIG, Oct. 27, 1878

The surroundings of this city were always celebrated for their abundance of hares and partridges, and the beautiful woods were alive with an enormous quantity of roes, the most beautiful game at home in Germany. Though each village rents the right to hunt in its fields separately, and such districts, therefore, are not very extensive, the rent is rather high, for hares and partridges are high in price notwithstanding their great number. Forty years ago, when I lived here—I paid for each hare which I took home from a battue only quarter dollar, and a partridge was only five cents; now we have to pay one dollar for a hare, and for a partridge about forty cents. The cause of this rise in the price is not the scarcity of game, though it is not as abundant as formerly, but the increase of means of communication, which permit one to sell the game in Berlin and other large cities of Germany.

I remember a battue held about forty years ago in a district where the owners had not held a battue the previous year. All the invited, about eighty shooters, expected, therefore a great number of hares, and provided themselves with a good supply of cartridges. We then used here, generally, needle-guns, as a common percussion gun would not do, the loading requiring too much time. These needle-guns were, however, no breech-loaders yet. The cartridge was put in at the muzzle, slipped down by itself, and was held in position by turning a lever. We could load even faster than we can do to-day our Lefauchaux or any other breech-loader.

I do not know whether you have a correct idea of the manner in which our battues are carried on. It is done in two different ways; either by "Standtreiben" or by "Kesseltreiben."

The whole district is divided in a convenient number of sections—"Treiben"—not larger than can be inclosed by the number of shooters and unarmed men—the "Treiber." The shooters are placed on the border of the selected districts, from eighty to a hundred paces distant from each other, their whole line forming a semi-circle. On the remaining border line are placed the "Treiber." Where the ground is too open, are not rarely dug two or three-foot-deep pits with a low earth wall before them, as hiding-places for the shooters. These are placed either by the proprietor or his deputy, or very frequently by lot. At the beginning of the battue tickets, with numbers printed on them, are drawn, and every one has to place one in his cap.

At a signal given by a horn or whistle, the Treiber, who have either sticks or rattles in their hands, advance toward the firmly standing line of shooters, driving all the game toward them and preventing it to pass their own line. Such Treiben is called a Standtreiben. In woods this is always the rule, as the other kind of Treiben, called Kasseltreiben, is mostly impossible.

At such a Kasseltreiben the manager sends off from a certain point in the border line of the district two experienced shooters who are acquainted with the grounds, one to the right and the other to the left. Both have to go on to the border line until they meet. They are followed at a convenient distance, alternately, by a Treiber and shooter, until the whole district is inclosed. On the given signal the whole line advances as regularly as possible, and slowly, toward the centre. Of course by doing so the interval between the persons forming the line is gradually diminished. Thus the Kessel (caldron) inclosed becomes so narrow that it would be dangerous for the opposite line to shoot inside the circle. The whole line makes a halt at a given signal. Only the Treibers advance toward the centre with great

noise, and the shooters are only permitted to fire on hares outside the circle.

The first Treiben at that opportunity of which I was speaking above, was a Standtreiben. You may imagine our astonishment on seeing the hares advancing toward us in troops of five and six at once, leaving us scarcely time to load. The result of this one Treiben was eight hundred killed. I had, on my part, forty-six! All of us had nearly spent our cartridges, and we had to send to the city for a fresh supply. The battues were continued until dark, two consecutive days, and the total of killed hares amounted to a little above three thousand.

Traveling at that time by rail from Halle to Leipsic about sunset, it was by no means rare to see more than thirty hares sitting or playing in a field of not half an acre. These battues are mere butcheries, and I only attended them as they offered a good exercise and to oblige the proprietor, as the hares had to be shot by some one. Partridges were not less abundant, and the district of one of the valleys furnished several thousands during one season, and still there remained enough.

The years 1848 and '49, when people did not care for any law, and, least of all, for game laws, great destruction was going on, and many parts of Germany never recovered from these revolutionary times.

I prefer hunting alone or in a small company, and with a good dog. A friend of mine has rented the adjoining shooting-grounds, of about four or five villages in the Spreewood, a district belonging to Prussia and inhabited by the remains of an old nation, the Wenden, speaking a language of their own and having preserved their old customs and dresses. In these parts is to be found still a great variety of game, and especially one kind, which is not known in America—the great bustard. It is as large as a turkey and only to be found in the field, especially large plains, never in the wood. In summer you may shoot them now and then before the dog; but later, when they join in troops from twenty to thirty, and even more, they are extremely shy, especially if you are carrying a gun. Of laborers and horses they are not afraid at all, and the only means to approach them is in the disguise of some laborer, or, still better, of a woman, pushing on a wheelbarrow in which is placed the gun. You may approach them, also, in a farm wagon. Such a bustard is a most stately bird. They do, however, a good deal of damage. My friend arranged last year a battue for bustards, but as an immense district had to be inclosed he had not shooters enough. It resulted without particular success, although about five hundred bustards were seen.

On my return here last fall I of course found many acquaintances of olden times. Among them is one who had been once my dinner neighbor at a *table d'hôte*. He was then only a clerk and representative of a great Prussian firm in Leipsic, but he was a very gentlemanly young man, loving the chase, and we became friends, remembering each other all these years kindly. Meanwhile his brown hair has turned white, he has become a grandfather, and very rich. He had retired from business many years ago, and enjoyed his life in a very pleasant manner. He owns a splendid mansion in town, but bought already, twenty-five years ago, a knightly estate about an hour's walk from Leipsic. It was then a rather neglected concern, rented to a man who held there a large restaurant which was much frequented by the Leipsic people, as it was situated amidst a most beautiful wood. Mr. Kelbe spent about half a million of thalers in changing this estate into a most delightful place, in fact to a kind of rural paradise, as there are scarcely any many miles around.

The farm buildings were pulled down and replaced by splendid solid ones, provided with all modern improvements. The dwelling-house was removed also and he erected a rather large, beautiful villa in its place. The glass-covered, large veranda looked toward the garden. The marble steps leading to this veranda were adorned by beautiful plants and two life-sized roe-bucks in bronze.

The greater change, however, the wood had to undergo extending in front and to the right of the villa. Before the veranda was a lovely lawn screened to the right and left by a belt of beautiful trees. Beyond the lawn stretched a very long walk shaded by old time trees, leading to the road to Leipsic.

Right before the veranda on the lawn a jet of water rises and falls back into a large basin. In the centre of the lawn has been made an artificial mound the sides of which are covered with roses, and on its top stands, on a high pedestal, a colossal bronze stag, held at bay by two dogs: a splendid work, costing several thousands.

To the left of the belt of trees bordering the lawn extends a large square garden. All the beds along the different gravel walks are covered with beautiful flowers, and between them are standing the finest dwarf fruit-trees. In the interior of the squares formed by the walks are beds with strawberries, etc., etc. On the side of the square garden opposite the above mentioned belt of trees is erected the very neat villa. It is the dwelling of the head gardener, and to the right and left of it are the hot-houses built of iron and glass, containing a splendid palm-house, one filled with camellias, another with tropical plants, etc., etc. I assure you the hot-houses in Kew are not kept in better order than these.

In the middle of the other side of the square garden, which forms a right angle with that mentioned before, stands on a terrace of only two steps, guarded by two splendid dogs made of green marble, brought both from Florence, a lovely little villa—the pheasants' house—containing a good many gold and silver pheasants. In part of this extremely elegant structure are little yards with shrubs, as you see them in the zoological gardens; and close to them, amid a nicely arranged group of fine plants and trees, stands a table and chairs, from whence the whole square garden may be overlooked. On the whole terrace are standing in tubs fine orange, laurel and other trees.

The very large orchard, with nurseries and other hot-houses, is beyond a road passing behind the pheasants' house. To the right of the screen of trees belling the lawn you enter an English park, of no great extent, but of extreme loveliness. There you see emerald-green bowling green, as soft as velvet, with flower-beds, blooming shrubs, etc., and the finest trees of the original wood which were spared.

This little park, garden and lawn are fenced by a fine iron railing. Through a gate in it you enter the wild park, which, is not fenced, but from which you enter directly the broad acres belonging to the estate. Though this rather extensive park is called by its owner wild, it is arranged with great care and art. The walks are graveled and kept as clean as a drawing-room. A little rivulet with bridges is bubbling across it, and the shrubberies, everywhere overtopped by splendid trees, are interrupted by fine meadows, etc.

As this park is rather far from any other wood, Mr. Kelbe has stocked it with wild pheasants, which have increased to several hundreds notwithstanding the inroads made by foxes, martens, weasels and cats from the village, of which he caught this year not less than twenty-six in his traps. He formerly kept roes in the park, but finding that the young ones did not thrive and the bucks killed them, he got tired of them and shot them off.

Last Sunday morning Mr. Kelbe called on me. He was quite excited, for his head gardner had reported that a fox had invaded his park. Some laborers saw him kill a hare and took it from him, but very soon afterward plaintive notes from a pheasant proved clearly that he had found a substitute for his lost hare. Mr. Kelbe invited me to drive over with him to his park next morning and try to shoot the bold robber, together with a few pheasant cocks. I of course accepted with pleasure, for since many years I had not had an opportunity of shooting a wild pheasant. There are plenty in Bohemia, but in Germany you find them but rarely, as they can be kept only in isolated parks and woods where the adjoining fields belong to the same proprietor, else kind neighbors will shoot them as they go in summer out in the fields to feed.

Two other gentlemen whom Mr. K. had invited were prevented from coming, and we two had it all to ourselves. About a dozen garden laborers and the coachman and gardner were ordered to act as Treibers, and Mr. Kelbe and I placed ourselves where we thought it most likely that the red robber would pass. I took my stand behind an elm tree on a narrow dry ditch, from whence I could overlook an angle-point of a copse before me and the adjoining meadows. Mr. Kelbe told me that he had killed at that place two foxes, and that he would probably take a foot-path to my left or remain in the ditch, in order to reach the opposite thicket.

The Treiber formed a line and advanced without making much noise, as it is not required to start a fox. Some hares and rabbits they met on their way took alarm and came out of the copse, and two Volker of partridges passed my stand. I resisted, however, the temptation. About eighty paces before me was a little bridge over the ditch, and looking sharp along the latter my whole attention was at once directed to something moving underneath the bridge. I stood as still as if I were made of stone and my eyes opened to double their size. No wild bore or noble stag would have excited me so much as did this red rascal whose pointed nose I recognized in the uncertain light under the bridge. It was amusing to observe him. The noise behind him did not alarm him much, but more attention was paid by him to the space which separated him from the opposite copse. The wind did not teach him anything of my presence, for it came from him toward me. The hares and partridges, which passed unmolested, seemed at last to satisfy him that all was safe. He cautiously, and, dragging one foot after the other, crept to the brim of the ditch and had a peep at the meadow. I might have fired at him then; but, as he was partly concealed behind a little shrub, I waited for his further movements. The result of his reconnoitering seemed not satisfactory, for he returned to the ditch, and, making himself as small as possible, he came along the ditch toward me. When he saw me he was not more than three paces from my feet, and he was so surprised that he lost his head. Instead of turning round and running back toward the bridge along the ditch, he suddenly jumped out of it and ran as fast as he could over the meadows. He did not go far. At about twenty-five paces I fired, and, struck right in the head, he remained on the spot. In the same moment the Treibers emerged from the wood, and, taught by experience, one of the laborers gave him still some blows with his stick.

The object of our expedition being fulfilled we might have gone home; but Mr. Kelbe wanted some pheasants, and the Treibers re-entered the same copse which they had just left, knowing very well that plenty of pheasants had remained. A few of them had passed me, but I had not taken any notice of them.

The birds must have been alarmed, however, for when the Treibers commenced their noise they rose at once, one after the other, above the trees and fled off with the velocity of a rocket. I dared not fire, as I did not recognize for certain the cocks, and was much afraid of killing perhaps a hen. Mr. Kelbe, however, shot a cock and two hares.

The Treibers placed themselves now at the border of that copse for which the fox had longed to reach, and I took my stand at its corner close to the same ditch mentioned before. Mr. Kelbe stood about sixty paces to the right of me.

Very soon I saw something moving in the ditch. I could not make out what it was, and, seeing only something grayish-brown, I took it for a cat, but it was a reconnoitering pheasant hen. She ran quickly back and I just saw the golden breast of a cock coming toward me in the ditch, when Mr. Kelbe called out to me to change my stand for one he thought better. The cock turned round and all was still for a few minutes. Then I heard the noise of some pheasants rising to my right. Mr. Kelbe fired and a splendid cock fell heavily on the grass. I was rather envious and anxiously hoped my turn would come next. It came. Half a dozen of pheasants rose in the thicket before me, and I brought down another cock. I might have made a doublet if I had not been so much afraid of a mistake. Again a noise before me. It was a beautiful bird, and I shot him before he was above the trees. When a third cock passed like a rocket I fired, but he went off, and Mr. Kelbe believed that I had missed him. I did not think so, and I was right. The cock was found dead on the meadow about two hundred paces from me. Mr. Kelbe fired again. The bird fell down, but after a few seconds he got up and ran toward the thicket. He had only been winged. Whether the gardner found him afterward I do not know.

We had now one fox, three hares and five pheasant cocks. The whole affair lasted about an hour. My friend thought this enough for the moment. We returned to the villa and he fetched from his cellar a choice bottle of Rhenish. After having finished it we returned to Leipsic and were home at half-past twelve, much satisfied with our little expedition.

CORVIN.

FRAÜLEIN.

SHE sat upon the great rack behind the wheel-house as I came staggering up the companion-way and across the unsteady deck of the steamer already three days out from Liverpool. Her seat was on the very edge of this wooden frame where it joined the guard; and with no support save this, she almost overhung the plunging ocean. Her feet swung clear, and she was clapping her hands in a kind of ecstasy as the stern of the great ship rose in the air, then fell, to churn the waves into spray flying far above her head.

She wore no wraps, though the air was icy cold; no head-covering of any kind—only the tightly braided masses of her dark hair. The locks about her forehead had blown free and hung loose and wet over her face or were tossed wildly in the furious wind. As she pushed them aside with her dripping hands, I was struck by her beauty, heightened by the enthusiasm of the moment into a brilliancy of color and intensity of expression fairly startling.

Her precarious position had already given me a shock. Seizing her arm rather roughly,

"I beg your pardon," said I, "but you will be tossed off here if you are not careful."

What disenchantment was in my touch! In an instant she had changed from a watersprite into an exceedingly abashed young girl.

"I thank you, madam, but I haf no fear," she said, with the precision of one to whom the English language is strange.

But I was glad to see that she hugged the rack closer with her knees and seized the slender flag-staff with one hand, while she tried to gather the stray locks of her flying hair with the other. With the exception of the man at the compass, she had been alone upon the deck. My appearance and warning had broken the charm of the situation. She soon slipped down from her perch and vanished around the corner of the wheel-house just as the stewardess appeared with my bowl of broth.

"Who is she—the girl you met in crossing the deck?" I asked as I received it.

"I met nobody, ma'am, but the German nurse in the state-room next to your own."

"It is not possible!" I exclaimed. There was an intelligence and a grace about this girl which placed her above the rank of

nurse-maid. "Do you mean to say she has the care of that dreadful baby?" It had kept us awake for two nights.

"Well 'm, the ladies do complain," the old stewardess replied gently, "but the poor little thing can't help its pains. It had a kind of a wastin' sickness when they brought it aboard. No doubt the motion of the ship *do* make it worse. But what the mother would do without 'Frawl-hine,' as they call her, a body can't tell. Sea cap'n's wife though she is, she's not fit to raise her head, and this the third day out."

We had heard through the thin partition of our state-room, a soothing, crooning voice essaying to hush the fretful wail of the sick child. This then was the voice of the German nurse.

"But she can never have begun life as a nurse-maid," I protested, as I took my last spoonful of lukewarm broth.

"Well, she *do* appear different from them we usually carry," admitted the placid old stewardess, as she rolled away with the empty bowl.

I thought so, indeed, as at that moment one of these nurses "engaged for the passage," crossed the swaying deck,—a novel borne ostentatiously in her hand, a series of faint, appealing shrieks issuing from her lips and addressed to the third mate stationed before the compass; her young charge, in the meantime, sprawling crab-like and forgotten at her feet. The German nurse was certainly not of this order.

Before many days I had made the acquaintance of the Jerninghams, to whom the sick baby belonged. They had been spending some months upon the Continent—for Captain Jerningham had left the sea—and were now returning to New York, where they had taken a house in the same street and close by some friends of my own, I soon found out. Mrs. Jerningham spoke at once of her German nurse whom I had watched with increasing interest, quietly busying herself about the sick child and only occasionally flying to the deck for a breath of fresh air, and then at the hour when it was deserted by the passengers.

"Do you happen to know of anybody about to return to the Continent—some nice family? I ask on account of Fraülein Köner, who has the care of the baby. She desires to go back at once. She has only

crossed for a sight of the ocean and one glimpse of America."

"A remarkable curiosity, for one in her position," I said snobbishly.

"But Elsa is no ordinary nurse-maid," Mrs. Jerneham replied quickly. "We became acquainted with the family last winter, in Göttingen, where my husband was laid up with a broken ankle. Her father holds one of the minor professorships in the university there. We had some German lessons from his step-son, a fine young fellow whom we all admire. Indeed, we enjoyed the whole family immensely, and I finally brought Fräulein off in charge of my baby. She was crazy to see the ocean and 'that big America,' as she calls it, and they are poor, of course. All those German professors are, you know. But I have promised to send her back immediately, and by safe hands. There is always somebody going; only, of course, I am particular as to the person. She would do excellently well as companion to an invalid lady. Her English is good; her French even better; and Doctor Carew, who has spent years in Germany, assures me that her German is of the purest quality."

"Doctor Carew?"

"Yes, the surgeon aboard. I have had him once or twice for the baby."

So our young English doctor, whose name I had never chanced to hear before, had made Fräulein's acquaintance. It occurred to me that I had seen him playing the part of moon to her—revolving around and at a little distance—that very afternoon. Now, I did not thoroughly like our young ship-surgeon. He was somewhat of a fop in dress and air, and full of boasting concerning a rich brother-in-law down in Connecticut, whose place he averred to be the finest in the country. We were all rather tired of the surgeon, and especially of the brother-in-law, who had been brought forward upon every possible occasion. Perhaps it was this prejudice which rendered the reference to Fräulein in connection with the surgeon a disagreeable one.

I might have forgotten it, but that I came upon them together the same evening. I was scurrying across the deck at odd and uncomfortable angles, making my way toward the wheel-house, when I discovered my favorite corner to be already occupied by two absorbed figures. I veered to the other side. The golden bowl of the sun was broken and gone; but a flood of glory still poured over the sea and sky, and by the

waning light I had no difficulty in recognizing Elsa and Doctor Carew. She was perched upon the rack as usual, striving with both hands to hold in place the light skirts which the rampant wind would convert into a balloon,—too thoroughly engaged in these efforts, and an animated conversation full of "ichs" and "achs," to notice my erratic approach. Doctor Carew, leaning against the guard, cool, taut-rigged in his close-buttoned coat and regulation cap, was less oblivious. There was an instantaneous change in his lounging, easy attitude. He came to his feet, and, after a moment, resumed his apparently interrupted promenade. The first turn brought him to my side.

Fräulein, in the meantime, had slipped from her pinnacle of danger and gone below, and the other passengers were beginning to straggle up the companion-way.

"That's a nice little body, that German girl," he remarked carelessly, knocking the ash from his cigar, and hoping the smoke did not offend.

As it was being borne in the opposite direction at the rate of sixty miles an hour, I replied that it did not, and that Fräulein Köner was a very charming and estimable young woman.

"I always make a point of speaking to her, if I happen to be on deck when she runs up with that timid air (perhaps you have observed it). I make a point, really, of noticing her."

"You are very kind, I am sure. Fräulein must be grateful to you."

He gave me a suspicious glance from under his gilt-banded cap. But outwardly I was meekness itself, though I fumed within over the man (and his brother-in-law down in Connecticut!) and his airs of condescension to pretty, bright Fräulein.

"She is really intelligent," he went on, to make the matter quite plain. "And a perfect enthusiast over the sea."

I bowed my head. It was not necessary to shriek a reply into the wind, and I was obstinately determined not to discuss Fräulein Köner.

"If you could persuade her to make her observations from a less dangerous position!—she will be tossed off here some day, I fear."

I agreed with him as to Fräulein's temerity. But I did not half like his anxiety on her account, even though I shared it. And yet, why should not the girl have her friends or even her lovers, I argued to myself. But, in spite of my arguments, I was uneasy over her anomalous position.

The sick baby improved each day. The weather was delightful, the sea like molten malachite—green and shining, and curiously veined with foam. The sun traveled his course overhead unobscured by cloud, solitary in the heavens as was our ship upon the sea. Mrs. Jerningham and I had discovered many friends in common on shore. This, with the prospect of being occasional neighbors, drew us together. We formed, with my traveling companion, a party of our own,—Fraülein, with the weazen-faced baby in her arms, making one of the same, and the surgeon hanging upon its outskirts. He related stories of his experience aboard ship, and with a good deal of dramatic effect; he brought books from his private store, when we had exhausted our own; he bribed the head steward to furnish us with fruit at unwarrantable hours; and we might have swam in champagne—our heads at least—but for our persistent and virtuous refusal of this exhilarating beverage. He was deliberately exerting himself to please—whom? not my companion, who was ill much of the time; not Mrs. Jerningham, entirely taken up with her stout, indulgent spouse; not me; there is a conviction beyond reason in such matters. It could only be Fraülein. She was prettier than ever since the weather had grown cooler, and she had donned some dark-blue habit, half cloak, half gown,—some mysterious, foreign combination I could not make out. Did she know that it added the last needful charm to her quaint appearance? Certainly, it was worn without a shade of self-consciousness. She was still shy and reserved. She took little or no part in our conversation, but she furnished a most inspiring listener—as the surgeon soon discovered. He was never so moved to eloquence as when she formed one of our group.

A dance upon the deck had been arranged for one evening. But the night proved unfortunate, the moon being obscured by clouds. In vain lanterns were hung in the rigging. They only served to make the darkness more evident, and shed but ghostly circles of light in which one or two adventurous couples drearily revolved. Finally, we drew our chairs into a close circle, wrapped our rugs about us and somebody told a story, at the conclusion of which, our handsome captain, pacing off his watch on deck, paused, to startle us all with a wonderful song.

There was a faint odor of cigar-smoke beside me. Our party had received an addition. "An excellent substitute for a

ball, Doctor Carew," I said; "or do you prefer to dance?—and, by the way, did you attempt it?"

"I, Miss? I have but this moment come on deck."

What an unnecessary as well as unavailing falsehood it was! I could have taken oath that he had been standing at the entrance to the bridge the last half hour, with a muffled figure beside him which could be no other than Fraülein Elsa. She came up at that moment and betrayed him innocently:

"I have been telling Doctor Carew that he should sing. For it iss Doctor Carew who can sing beautifully, if he will."

"I am sorry to question Fraülein Köner's musical taste;" the surgeon began, stiffly. He added something, possibly by way of excusing himself and moved a few steps away.

"Has he sung to you, Elsa?"

"Oh yes," the girl replied in her ringing voice, which must have reached the surgeon where he stood. "Once, twice, in the efening, like this, when he has come for me to walk on the deck. For it iss not good, he says, that I stay below. And now that the baby will sleep, I can go. I can go fery well indeed in the efening when the baby will sleep."

She crossed her hands and met my eyes with her bright innocent ones as though asking me to share in this new pleasure. How then could I say anything against it?

The next morning as I was lying on the sofa in the ladies' cabin I heard two familiar voices in the passage between the saloon and the forward deck.

"Why did you tell Miss — that we walked on deck together?" said one in a guarded tone.

"And why should I not tell her?" Fraülein responded openly. "It wass fery amiable of you to ask me to walk on the deck with you, Doctor Carew, and the efenings were fery long until that you did ask me."

"Yes, yes, but it is a very small affair. There is no occasion to spread it around."

"Yes, it iss a small affair. But it iss a fery pleasant affair to me," and there was a laugh in Fraülein's voice. "What do you mean by not 'spread it around'? Iss it that I shall tell nobody?" she asked with sudden wonder and suspicion. "Ah! it iss to haf shame to keep things in your own heart. And iss it you who haf shame to walk with me? Oh, now I see what it iss!" And her burning words overran each other.

"You ask me to walk in the evening when the ladies are not on the deck. It is I that will not walk with you again, Doctor Carew, not if you come and ask me many times." And she rushed away from him and past the cabin door.

The air had been growing softer each day. The sky deepened its blue as we approached America. An awning was stretched over the deck. The ladies discarded their wrappings and brought out their work. The ship had ceased its wild plunges and lay like a tired creature upon the still waves. "To-morrow" and "to-morrow," we said as we looked for sails against the sky, lounging on the deck and watching the tiny rainbow which each wave threw off with its spray.

"Ah! that is finer than all," exclaimed Doctor Carew.

He addressed Fräulein.

"It is very beautiful," she responded coldly. She did not raise her eyes. She had been lulling the baby upon her knees to sleep. She laid it upon a pile of rugs, covering it carefully and screening its face from the light.

The surgeon, leaning upon one of the hatchways, watched her as she did all this quietly, deftly. When her task was done he spoke again.

"You have never been forward over the bridge, Fräulein. There is no motion today. Suppose you come now."

"I thank you, but I have no desire to go. And do not say 'Fräulein' to me, but *Mees*, as you do to Mees—here," motioning to me. "When she come to Germany I will say 'Fräulein'. Then she will not be a—a—what you call a foreigner, any more. It is not good to be a foreigner. One does not know the ways of the people."

There was a suspicious break in her voice over the last words. But her face was screened from sight. She was bending over the child, re-adjusting its wrappings.

"But you expressed a desire to go out there, one day—one evening *when we were walking the deck together*."

He uttered the words with remarkable distinctness. Were they a concession to Fräulein's pride? Her head bent lower. The color deepened in her face.

Mrs. Jerningham, who saw nothing and suspected nothing, took the matter up now.

"You had better go, Elsa, since the doctor is so kind."

And Fräulein rose and went.

They spent a long half-hour out among

the smoke-stacks and apparently in earnest conversation. And he must have made his peace with her, for she came back with a glow on her beautiful face which could never have been caused by the freshening wind.

We were drawing near to America. At last one Sabbath morning its hazy shores came out to meet us. Of our steaming up the bay with the faint church-bells sounding in our unaccustomed ears, this story need not tell, nor how the black "tug" to convey us to the shore, appeared so suddenly out of the mist as to seem like some uncanny thing.

"Take care, Fräulein."

We were being lowered into the boat when Elsa slipped.

Some one caught her. It was Doctor Carew. "Don't forget us," I heard him say in a passionate, repressed voice. Then he turned to exchange a few pleasant parting words with us all. But his easy grace was gone. His face was very pale; his manner strangely disturbed.

"We will not say good-bye," and Mrs. Jerningham offered her hand cordially. "You must promise to call, Doctor Carew, when the *B—* comes in again."

He promised eagerly, shook hands rather hastily with the passengers crowding the small deck and sprang up the ladder-like stairs against the side of the steamer.

There was some delay about our getting off. We were all engaged in securing comfortable places and gathering our various belongings, when suddenly the surgeon appeared again in our midst.

"Miss Köner has forgotten the copy of verses I promised her. Only a few German verses I offered to write off for her," he explained to me as he put them into her hand.

She did not seem to comprehend. But all was confusion. Already there were shouts of "Let go! fall off!" and we seemed to have parted from our huge companion, the steamer. Fräulein started up with a faint shriek as the strip of water suddenly widened between us and it. But the surgeon was safe upon the ladder, and waving his cap in adieu. I doubt if any of the passengers save one gave him a thought. Every face was turned eagerly to the shore,—every face but Fräulein's. Leaning against the bulwark, she alone watched the great ship growing less upon the water, until the figures upon its deck were indistinct and lost. Then, with a trembling sigh, she sat down by my side. She was twisting the paper in her hand (for I had taken the baby out of her arms).

"You will ruin your verses, Fraülein."

"Ah, yes, I forget," and she opened them without curiosity. At the first glance a vivid blush began to steal over her face. "They are Heine's verses," she explained to me as she refolded the paper, "and—and there are a few words which Doctor Carew did write of himself."

Perhaps it was these last which had left a tender light in Fraülein's dark eyes.

We bade the Jerninghams good-bye upon the wharf, and I saw no more of them until two or three weeks later, when I went up to town to visit the friends who were their next-door neighbors, as it proved. Fraülein was still with them, no opportunity having been found for her to return home.

The *B*— was expected every day now. "I wonder if Doctor Carew will call," said Mrs. Jerningham.

There was no doubt in my own mind. Of course he would call, and, moreover, make violent love to Fraülein. But of this I kept my own counsel, although time and distance had modified my prejudices in regard to the surgeon.

Two or three evenings later, as I was going out of the house, I ran down the steps and almost into the arms of a passer who seemed to be loitering upon the walk. It was almost dark, but I could see that he still lingered about the area of my friend's house, when I had crossed the street and looked back. Apparently Mrs. Jerningham's upper windows attracted his gaze. Fraülein had appeared at one of these with the baby in her arms. The room behind her was brilliantly lighted. Her face was glowing with health and happy excitement. She laughed as she tossed the child in her arms, her loose sleeves showing her pretty arms to the elbows, while she looked up and down the darkening street all unconscious of the watcher below. As she began to draw the curtain, he passed slowly on and out of sight.

The outline of this figure, especially in motion, was strangely familiar. Where had I seen it before? I could not recall. But next morning, when Mrs. Jerningham said:

"We sent in for you last evening. Whom do you think we had for a visitor?"

"The surgeon from the *B*—," I replied at once. It had come to me like a revelation that it was Doctor Carew who had been watching Fraülein the night before.

"You know he always expressed the kindest interest in Elsa," Mrs. Jerningham went on, "and now he has found a chance for her to return home. Some friend of his

own, an elderly lady, desires a companion for the voyage, and, once in England, Elsa's father, or Fritz (the son of her father's wife) could meet her. The only difficulty is that this friend sails in the *B*— on Saturday, and I am not sure that I can spare Elsa so soon. The baby is not well this morning, nor is Alice (a child by Captain Jerningham's former wife). The doctor thinks it may prove measles, and I know nothing of sickness. Besides, they are so fond of Elsa, I could not have her leave when they were ill. But in the meantime, Doctor Carew is to see this friend. She is somewhere out of town, and he has gone to Connecticut to remain until Friday night. He will call on Saturday morning to learn our decision."

But by the next morning the disease had proved to be measles. The children were both ill, and Fraülein had generously given up all thought of going home at present. I was in the sick-room on Saturday morning when the servant tapped at the door to say that Doctor Carew was below. Elsa was dropping medicine into a spoon with unflinching dexterity, but this announcement sent it running over into the glass. Her eyes dilated with expectation, then with a surprise which was not yet disappointment as Mrs. Jerningham hastened out of the room alone. She waited, making her step more noiseless than ever, her whisper breathless, lest that faint tap at the door should come again and escape her ear. But it did not come. An hour went by; I could not see her suffer the agony of hope stretched on the rack—not though I almost distrusted the surgeon.

"Suppose you run down for a moment," I said at last. "Leave the children with me. Doctor Carew cannot have much longer to stay, and the servant has certainly made a mistake or forgotten to call you."

"Go down!" she repeated, turning her burning eyes upon me. "No, no, Mees—, that I will never do. He—he did not ask for me."

Just then the heavy outer door closed with a clang. In a moment Mrs. Jerningham appeared. Her manner was flurried and excited.

"I have sent him away at last; but he was really persistent beyond reason. He declared that it was my duty to let you go, Elsa. What! tears, child? And do you, too, think me selfish and unreasonable?"

"Oh no, dear friend;" and Fraülein's arms were thrown around Mrs. Jerningham's neck.

"It will only be for a month. He thinks his friend may wait, as she dislikes the idea of crossing alone. You can spare me one more month, Elsa?"

"I will *never* leave you while the dear children are so ill."

"I should have sent for you, dear (he asked for you), but that I did not think it well to subject you to his persuasions."

Now Fraülein's face glowed.

"He really argued the question," Mrs. Jerningham said when we had left the sick-room together. "I had some difficulty in sending him away. It was such an excellent opportunity, he said. And when one considered the peculiar dangers to which Fraülein's inexperience and beauty must expose her."

"Indeed!" I said. "But what do we know of Doctor Carew himself?"

Mrs. Jerningham stared.

"Why, he is a perfect gentleman."

"I wish I were as sure that he is a man of honor."

"What do you mean?"

"N—othing. Though really what do we know of him beyond the fact that he has agreeable manners."

Mrs. Jerningham's countenance expressed the blankest dismay.

"But I could inquire," she said after a breathless pause. "There are the Brentfords down at R——, where his brother-in-law's place is."

"Then the brother-in-law's place is at R——? How did you ever find it out?"

"I asked where it was."

"And you said perhaps that you also had friends there?"

"No, it did not occur to me at the time."

But here our conversation was interrupted by the entrance of the doctor, and it was not resumed,—not at least till some weeks later when the children had passed the climax of their disease and were slowly recovering. Mrs. Jerningham's anxiety having been out of all proportion to their danger, she had become quite worn out with care and watching, and her husband had taken her away for a week of rest and recreation.

I found her the first morning after her return busy in her own room, unpacking her wardrobe with Fraülein's assistance. When the children had been discussed and set aside, we turned to her late journey.

"And did you go to R——?" I had forgotten Fraülein's presence.

"Yes; we were there two or three days."

"Then it is to be hoped that you saw the brother-in-law's place!" And I laughed.

But Mrs. Jerningham answered, quite seriously:

"We did, indeed; and it is everything that Doctor Carew made it out to be. I never knew landscape gardening carried so far."

"And the doctor?"

"Is expected now on the B——. Let me see,—two, three,—Fraülein, do you find another cuff? There should be four of these with sleeves. Ah, yes, here it is.—And we met his wife."

"*'Met his wife!'* Whose wife?"

"Why, Doctor Carew's, and a very pretty little English girl she is. Thin, as they are apt to be; but with pretty blue eyes and a complexion like milk. Take care, Fraülein! You are upsetting that jar. Here, you may take these into the children's room."

I rose straight up from the corner of the bed, where I had been sitting. Elsa, pale as death, had escaped from the room.

"Do you mean to tell me that Doctor Carew is married—the Doctor Carew we know?"

"To be sure he is; I dined with his wife. They have been married four years, I understood her to say. He brought her over this last trip of the B——, and she is to stay some months. And, do you know, it struck me as peculiar that he should never once have mentioned her to us."

"*Peculiar!*"

"Yes, I felt so; I shall say a sharp word to him when he comes again."

But I did not heed her. *Poor Fraülein!*

Elsa did not appear again that morning, nor did I see her for several days,—not until I met her coming down the stairs at Mrs. Jerningham's one morning. Her changed appearance surprised me into an exclamation.

"You are not well," I said.

"I thank you; I am fery well," she answered gently, but going on with the baby's porringer of milk in her hand, its contents scarcely whiter than her face.

I opened the subject of Fraülein's health to Mrs. Jerningham, who suspected nothing of the truth, I soon found. Nor would I betray her secret pain.

"Yes, she is beginning to feel the care of the children," Mrs. Jerningham said. "Dear Elsa! It has been more than either of us expected, for the baby was well when we left Göttingen. But the sea voyage will do everything for her, and the B—— must come in before many days now."

The B——! And did they still plan for Fraülein to return under Doctor Carew's

care? This should never be. I would warn the girl, if she did not herself refuse to go with him. But how? She seldom appeared now, confining herself closely to the nursery and the children, and the days were slipping away fast. The *B*—— was expected momentarily.

I had been detained down town until nearly dark one day, and was hurrying home across the small park in the square below my friend's house. The lamps were lighted, and the nurses were hastening away with their young charges. The white paths, the gleaming lights among the trees, the great pots of foreign plants, and the white-capped *bonnes*, gave to the spot a thoroughly foreign air. It was early yet for the evening strollers. The seats were empty; the paths deserted, save for an occasional hurrying, belated figure. I slackened my steps involuntarily, enjoying the faint reminiscences called up by the scene, glad of a moment of quiet security after the plunge and din and bewilderment of the streets outside, when I was startled by a voice—Fraülein's voice, I could not mistake it—coming from behind a clump of flowering shrubs at the end of the path upon which I had just entered. The tone was that of excited remonstrance. I flew down the walk until an opening in the shrubbery revealed the girl and her companion to me. She was standing in the light of one of the great lamps, which gleamed more and more brightly as the darkness set in, her hands clasped together, her head thrown back, her face deathly pale.

"Iss it to go with you?" she was saying. "To go with you on the *B*——? No, Doctor Carew, I will nefer go with you. And now that I haf told you, you will not come to the house and ask me to go, before them all."

He seemed to reason with her,—to plead in a low voice.

"Oh, I know about you, Doctor Carew; I know fery well indeed about you. *And I know about your wife*," Fraülein cried out in a voice sharp with anguish.

The man started back.

"Who has been telling you foolish stories?"

"It iss no foolish story that I haf heard. I know fery well about her eyes that are blue, and her face that iss like the milk. *It iss Mrs. Jerningham who has seen your wife!*"

His face grew white under the yellow light of the lamp.

"What do I care?" he said desperately. "Will you turn away from me because I

didn't meet you earlier? It was no fault of mine, and I'll not give you up now—not for all the milk-faced girls in the world!"

"What iss it you say? *Gott im Himmel!* Now I know you for one fery bad man! Oh, if my father could hear you! If Fritz could know!"

She was regarding him with dilating eyes, as she retreated backward. To see her slowly going away from him like this, with horror in her eyes, must have maddened him. He sprang and caught her. She gave a faint scream as she wrenched herself out of his hands, then she flew along the path to the curb-stone, darted among the carriages in the street, and vanished from sight.

He started after her. Then, flinging his hands back with an oath, he turned and disappeared in another direction.

In two days the *B*—— sailed for Liverpool. Doctor Carew neither called nor wrote. But Fraülein had been stricken down with a fever, and no one remembered the surgeon or thought of the girl's going home. There were long, dreadful days and nights, when we had little hope that she would ever see her own people again. But God was good to her, and pitiful of the poor old father in a distant land, who never knew that she lay sick almost to death until, after anxious, weary weeks, she began slowly to recover. As for the *B*——, it passed out of our thoughts. It may have come and gone; we never knew or inquired.

When the summer was nearly spent, we all went down to the sea together, to a quiet resort where the Jerninghams had taken a cottage. We were sitting on the rocks together one day, Fraülein and I, the idle waves drifting in to our feet, and her wistful eyes on the dim line where sea and sky met. She sighed.

"It is a fery great way ofer the sea, Mees ——."

"Yes, Fraulein."

"Oh, it iss I that wish I wass at home;" and she fell to weeping bitterly. And then it came out that she had missed her weekly letter from over the sea.

"There is only some mistake in forwarding it here," I said, cheerfully. "It will surely come later. And when we go back to the house you shall write. Your eyes are stronger now and you might easily write a few lines." It was Mrs. Jerningham or her husband who had kept Fraülein's father informed of her progress toward recovery. "But you have never talked to

me about your home, Elsa. Tell me something of your people."

"I haf nothing to tell," she answered simply. But my request had roused her to reminiscence, for presently she began.

"There iss my father—oh, you should see my father, Mees —," and the color flowed into her pale cheeks. "His hair it iss white, and when he comes down the street in the efening in his professor's gown there iss not any of the scholars behind him who haf eyes so sharp and bright as his. And he iss so wise, Mees —! There iss not anything written in books that he does not know. He knows it all fery well, indeed."

I showed my surprise silently, lest I should break the spell.

"And there iss Frau Eisenbach, my father's wife. She has been married to him only one year. And it iss a fery good heart Frau Eisenbach has. There wass always a place in my father's house for me, though she did come to be his wife."

She paused, then she went on slowly.

"And there iss Fritz."

"Who is Fritz?" I asked, though I knew very well. "Your brother?"

"No, he iss not any brother to me, Fritz iss not. He iss Frau Eisenbach's son."

"And has he also a good heart?" I asked shyly.

But there was no blush on her cheek and her great dark eyes met mine without embarrassment.

"Oh yes, it iss Fritz who has a fery good heart. And what he will say to-day, Mees —, he will say to-morrow, and the next day, and other days. There iss not any change in Fritz," she added thoughtfully. "He iss—what you call it? He has scholars. And some day—who can tell?—he may wear a gown like my father. It iss Fritz who does write—who does tell me of them all. Ah!" and she drew in a deep sigh, "I do not understand, that I haf no letter!"

I comforted her as well as I could and leaving our seat among the rocks strolled back toward the house. Fraülein still lingered. The cottage which the Jerninghams had taken for a few weeks stood entirely by itself with only a stretch of sand between it and the open sea. In the rear a rough cart-track led over the coarse tufted grass to the road. We had no neighbors within a quarter of a mile, where a small summer-hotel had brought the locality into mild repute, and as our vicinity offered

nothing to strolling curiosity we were seldom annoyed by visitors from the former place. What was my surprise, then, as I approached the cottage from one side, to find a stranger, dusty and travel-stained, resting upon the broad steps before the open door. He had removed his hat and was wiping the perspiration from his forehead like one prepared to take his ease. One glance at his dust-covered garments, his formidable stick, his general air—as I fancied—of purposeless peregrination convinced me that he was that pest of remote dwellings and terror of defenseless women—a tramp.

He rose as my dress rustled over the sand. He bowed respectfully, yet not with abjectness. Certainly there was nothing alarming in the appearance of this dusty, fair-haired young man with a brown, intelligent face and anxious, prepossessing eyes. But they often had handsome eyes, and I had known several of intellectual countenances.

"Madame, I come from Chairmany."

"Chairmany?" Oh yes, Germany. They were always coming from somewhere and desiring to go further. Content was not an attribute of the tramp. All this did not reassure me. It was, as I have said, a lonely situation, and during the day we were a family of women. I searched my pocket in nervous haste, and brought out a lead-pencil and a few pennies, which I offered deprecatingly. But he scorned the gift with a hasty motion of his hand and an indignant protest in the German tongue.

As the heavy, three-cornered adjectives and verbs began to fall about my ears, I staggered back in terror.

He advanced a step.

I had no strength to fly. I was too weak to call out, and there was Fraülein, feeble and alone, advancing toward the house! Her foot ground the sand behind him. I made a motion to her to fly just as he wheeled about. Had the girl gone mad? She gave a faint shriek and ran toward him with extended arms, her face whitening to her lips. Then she fell in a little heap at his feet.

He took her in his arms with an exclamation of endearment. There are words the tender meaning of which no foreign tongue can hide! He laid her head against his breast and bore her to the house, I following meekly in the rear. There was no need of explanation, though that came later. It was Frau Eisenbach's son. It was Fritz, the good Fritz, who had come all the way

from Göttingen and many a mile on foot at the news of Fräulein's illness, to find her and bring her home.

I remembered what she had said, that there was not any change in Fritz, and I was convinced, although she seemed strangely blind to the fact, that he had loved her tenderly and long.

They sailed in a week. We all went down to the steamer to see them off. There was the usual crowd, the flowers,—appropriate to nothing,—the hurry, the excitement of compressed and scarcely concealed agony at parting, among friends; for all of which we had no eyes to-day. We said "good-bye" with tears, and yet as they say farewell who hope to meet again. We crossed the gang-plank,—already the hands of the sailors had seized its ropes,—then we turned for one last look. There was a sound as of a mighty sob from the great steamer, as it parted from the shore. We strained our eyes to find our friends upon its deck. They stood apart from the others. Fritz had bared his head; Fräulein had thrust back the hood of her cloak. Her great, sad eyes were searching the crowd on the wharf. She saw us; she threw out her arms to us in a gesture of unutterable love. Then she buried her face upon Fritz's shoulder.

Was it the sun in his eyes which seemed to transfigure his countenance? Was it not rather the assurance of faith which comes to

those who wait and serve? He waved his hand to us. Slowly the ship turned upon its keel. It moved away, and we saw them no more.

It is six years since Fräulein left us. At first we often heard from her; less frequently as the tone of her letters became more cheerful. Happiness is content to glow and be silent.

For a year we had received no letter. Then there came one to us full of spontaneous joy, and at the end the announcement that she was going to be married to Fritz. "And when you come to Germany again," she wrote, "you will not pass by Göttingen. There are the University and the theater and the Garden of Plants; and are they not worth that you should come and visit them? And there, too, will be your happy Elsa, who has no longer any desire to go away and see the world,—unless it should be that Fritz will come to America. For Fritz does say that in your country—— But there would not be in the whole world paper or ink enough to tell all the beautiful things that Fritz does say of your country. And if it was not that he does love this land and is to have a place in the university another year, I believe that he would go and live always in America. He looks over my shoulder while I write, and he says, 'There will always be a welcome in our home for them all.' And that is true, as you know very well, if Fritz does say it."

# GERMAN TREATMENT OF SOCIALISM.

BY WM. WELLS NEWELL.

ALTHOUGH the attempts of Hoedel and No-billing to assassinate the Emperor were soon proved to be only individual crimes, without any accomplices, the central government eagerly seized upon them as a pretext for repressive measures. Hundreds of arrests were made all through Germany of persons charged with expressions of sympathy and approbation. These words, often uttered in privacy to supposed friends, were punished with severe sentences. Poor laboring men, and even women and girls, accused of such expressions as "As well he as another," were condemned to long terms of imprisonment. During a single month (October) the district court of Essen alone (this district contains less than 100,000 inhabitants) took cognizance of thirty cases of "Insult to the Imperial Majesty" (majestäts beleidigungen): twenty-two persons were sentenced to an aggregate imprisonment of thirty years and among the accused were sixteen men and six women. The age of the youngest was sixteen years, of the oldest sixty, and the least term of imprisonment was two months, the greatest six years! Let it be recollected that there has not been the slightest disturbance in Germany, nor any offense committed which according to English or American law could be punished at all.

The anti-Socialist law of October 21st gave to the local governments the power to suppress Socialist publications, periodical or non-periodical; to close all societies or unions infected with Socialist doctrines; and to forbid the exercise of his trade or profession to any person guilty of propagating such opinions. The authorities have also the power, on proclaiming a sort of modified state of siege, to banish any persons so guilty from the place of their residence, and to interdict all public meetings for which permission is not previously obtained, and similarly to suspend the freedom of publication. After the enactment of this law many Socialist journals stopped publication, and many societies dissolved, in anticipation of legal proceedings. However, at the end of the first month in which the law was in force there were forbidden 143 societies, thirty-seven periodicals, and 401 non-periodical publications. Among the societies were twenty-one trades-unions, sixty-two political associations, thirty-six singing societies, four theatrical societies, ten working-men's social meetings, and seven beneficial societies. One of the interdicted newspapers, it is asserted, belongs not to the Socialist, but to the Progressive (Fortschritts) party. The authorities are, however, the sole judge of the application of the penalties of the law. The only appeal lies to a commission appointed by the Imperial Government, which is now in session; but it is understood that these prohibitions will be modified in few cases.

Meanwhile, the severity of the police régime has been increased. Berlin now contains one policeman to every seventy able-bodied males; but a recent order increases the number of a special police force from fourteen to forty-eight, whose duties are defined to be "The better control of travel on the railroad stations and in hotels, of suspicious places and persons, of secret meetings and the circulation of revolutionary writings." Further, the patrols in all the suburban wards are to be strengthened, "to proceed with decision against the dangerous activity of the destructive elements of the population." These measures, however, do not seem to have been regarded as sufficient, for, in anticipation of the Emperor's return to Berlin on November 27, in conformity with the law the "minor state of siege" was proclaimed in that city, and the provisions put in force according to which the police were allowed to expel suspicious persons, and the possession of arms was forbidden to persons unprovided with a license, leaving in reserve the clauses which prohibit unlicensed public meetings and publications. Immediately thereafter Hasselmann and Fritzsche, deputies to the Reichstag, together with forty other persons, three women among them, were expelled from the city, and it is even proposed to banish these men from the empire. The Socialist party, all of whose organs have thus been suppressed, and whose chosen leaders are exiled, numbered at the recent election 600,000 voters. As an example of the spirit

in which the law has been executed, it may be mentioned that among the forbidden publications is an address of J. Jacobi to his electors, delivered in 1870, on the objects of the Workingman's Movement. Jacobi has just been canonized by Prof. Virchow as one of the great men of the Democratic (Fortschritts) party, and as the soul of conscientiousness.

Germany, meanwhile, suffers; the "crisis" in all departments of trade and manufacture continues, and the breach between employers and employed is not closed. "There is not work enough done in Germany," cries deputy Von Koeller in the Prussian Landtag; "Germany is not rich enough to support her population with so little work." The milliards of France have proved a curse rather than a blessing. \$60,000,000 of that sum have been sunk in unproductive railroads which the Government could not now lease on any terms. There is a deficit in the budget, both of the empire and of Prussia; but to increase the direct taxes is allowed to be impossible. The Government, therefore, lends not an unwilling ear to the empirics who propose protective duties as a remedy. In other words, it is gravely proposed to relieve a prostrate labor-market by adding new taxes, and raising the cost of all articles of consumption! One might almost say that the greatest Socialist in Germany is Prince Bismarck. It is he who urges the very same measure which our own Socialists advocate in America; namely, the acquisition by the State of the railways at an expense which, it is declared by the Progressists, will amount to \$250,000,000. The paternal Government has accustomed the people to look to itself for aid in all emergencies; what more natural, what more logical, than that it should be asked to regulate wages and provide employment? The State, assuming the railroads, becomes in effect a vast co-operative society; what more proper than that it should take an interest in, and promote the interests of, other co-operative societies? Yet it is for asking this that hundreds of honest men are treated like dogs. On the other hand, it is the Socialist party who run counter to their own principles, in other respects, by becoming the champions—in Germany hitherto the sole champions—of individualism. When they demand a free press, direct influence of the popular will on government, disarmament, substitution of militia for a standing army, separation of Church and State, they demand rights which in America are so usual as to seem things of course. The extension of individual activity leads to individual self-reliance; and the policy of the Chancellor of Germany leads by a straight path to the merging of all power and property in the State; in other words to Socialism, though it may be to the Socialism of Peru under the Incas. So true is it that extremes meet; and that the present course of the German Government is not only playing into the hands of the Socialists, but even borrowing their principles.

On the other hand, if the Socialist organs and societies are suppressed it is clear that the radical party will be forced by natural laws to fill, more or less, the vacuum thus created.

At the very time that the Berlin authorities proclaimed their civil state of siege (Nov. 28), the Progress or Fortschritt party issued, as the result of a caucus in Berlin, its new programme. This embraces among others the following points: absolute freedom of the press, of movement and of association; general industrial and secular education; the shortening of the time of military service, and determination of the army for the year by annual enactment; and the equality of all sects before the law. But voices were heard urging the adoption of part of the democratic programme, and even of the principle of graded taxation of incomes. Prof. Virchow urged the necessity of abandoning the unreliable "bourgeoisie" for the middle class. Eugene Richter laid the blame of the hard times upon the wars, and declared the necessity of a reaction against absolutism. As the "Frankfort Gazette" was fined for criticising the Socialist Law it is not at all clear that the party of Progress may not find their organs too under government censure. Already, says the "Koelnische Zeitung," the working-men have grown more sober; they know that the magistrate bears not the sword in vain. The wealthier class, who already saw the club

lifted above their backs by the combined workmen, breathe more freely. The fatal public agitation being removed, things settle themselves. It is manifest enough that such language looks forward to a permanent repression. No problem will be settled in two years time. What are the prospects of a country which is so affected by free discussion that it finds it necessary to erect a law under which Stuart Mill, if he had had the misfortune to live at the present time in Germany, would have been silenced, and probably exiled?

France, the while, cannot be blamed for looking over the border with a malicious amusement. Itself now free from Socialist agitation—the Paris Commune having convinced the workmen of Lyons and Marseilles that their ideas cannot, at present, be carried into execution—it sees its victorious neighbor shivering in the presence of a specter itself need fear no more. Recently deprived of two provinces and fined five milliards, it now can boast to be the most prosperous country of Europe while the finances of its conqueror are in hopeless confusion. Having regained the respect of the world by an admirable self-control, it is now advancing on the secure path of liberty while thoughtful Germany is condescending to a petty tyranny whose timorousness surpasses anything in the administration of Louis Napoleon, who, for his part, was careful never to interfere with thought, and allowed the publications of Proudhon with ostentatious contempt. With a biting satire, M. Valbert, in the "Revue des Deux Mondes" expresses his hope that the Prussian police, who are to be the judges of the publications which endanger society, will not include in that class the atheistic speculations of Haeckel or the pamphlets of the opponents of State control of railroads.

We, in America, have just finished a campaign in which a little Socialist faction, like a Chinese army, made such a mighty beating of tin pans and explosion of crackers as to persuade the world, including themselves, of their numbers and influence. Mr. Fawcett was so much impressed as to do us the honor, in his article in the "Fortnightly Review," to class us with Germany, as countries in which Socialism had made the most progress. Mr. Fawcett further attempted to account logically for this supposed phenomenon. It was because we were protectionists, and had over-exalted the functions of the State. Now that the half-dozen scarecrows who composed this Falstaffian host, ashamed of the public stare, have crept into the holes and caves to hide their nakedness, Mr. Fawcett, perhaps, may laugh at his article with as good a grace as we ourselves. We suddenly discover that we have no such party.

Having thus in one respect, at least, seen the utter folly of the pessimism which has lately become a fashionable faith, and which in fact serves as a cloak for political indifference, it is to be trusted that we may pluck up somewhat more belief in the intelligence of the people and the efficacy of free discussion. The German Socialists have been accused of being bandits and atheists. In point of fact they are no such thing, but, as every intelligent person ought to know, embrace every variety of moral character, good, bad, and indifferent, and every variety of religious faith, from Ultramontanism to Nihilism. Neither, in their opposition to property, do they advocate a violent division of wealth, but confine themselves to proposing a graded tax increasing according to incomes, and State advances for the formation of co-operative societies. With regard to these claims, says M. de Laveleye, in an admirable article in the "Revue des Deux Mondes" which all who wish to form an idea of Catholic Socialism (for there is such a thing) would do well to read, the best remedy for headstrong Socialism would be to grant them. "You have, it is said, a recipe to put an end to all abuses, and transform society into an Eldorado. Very well; group yourselves; found your plananstery or your co-operative society. Here are advanced the sums requisite for your enterprise. If you succeed, we will imitate you; but if before the end of the year you come to blows, and these brothers are turned into enemies, excuse us from exposing society to such a régime." If, however, the demands of the German Socialists were a hundred times more audacious and unprincipled than they are it would not alter the matter. Every elector has a right to seek to introduce into the State what

changes he pleases, if he confines himself to legal means. If the majority entertain dangerous opinion it is a pity ; the minority have a right to argue with them, but not to shoot and imprison them. Whenever the majority is really revolutionary the effecting of a revolution is simply a question of time. Meantime, the people of the United States will rather sympathize with the unfortunate and oppressed men whom a long experience of absolute power has habituated to expect from the State the remedy of their crushing ills, than with the tilted oppressors who revive the theories of the Inquisition, and make war on the liberty of thought.

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## A TRIP TO DENMARK.

## II.

## HAMBURG TO COPENHAGEN.

THE the three hours railway ride from Hamburg to Kiel is one of many attractions; passing through a beautiful region of country, adorned with fine towns and villages, the chief of which is Altona, a short distance from Hamburg. It is a well built modern town of about seventy-five thousand inhabitants, picturesquely situated on the lofty banks of the Elbe and completely surrounded with gardens, parks and pretty villas. The Palmaille, planted with lime trees, and affording pleasant glimpses of the river, is a favorite resort where thousands promenade, enjoying the pure air and the hearty greetings of friends passing to and fro, which so generally characterize the street intercourse of all German communities. At the head of the Palmaille there is a fine statue of Count Blucher, renowned as President of Altona from 1808 for thirty-seven years. After several stations are passed the little lake Bordsesholm is reached. On its bank is situated the remains of a once richly endowed monastery of that name. The church contains monuments of Frederick I, of Denmark and his queen, and of Duke Christian Frederick of Holstein Gottorp, ancestor of the reigning imperial family of Russia.

Kiel is one of the oldest towns in the province of Holstein. It contains between thirty and forty thousand inhabitants and is the seat of government for Schleswig-Holstein. It is also headquarters, on the Baltic, of the German navy. It is considered one of the best havens in Europe, and is the chief war harbour of the great empire. Kiel was a member of the Hanseatic League as early as the fourteenth century, and has maintained considerable commercial importance to the present time, being a great depot of trade between the Danish islands and the Continent. The fortifications, quays and docks already built and in course of construction are on an extensive scale and are designed with

the most approved modern conveniences for defensive and outfitting purposes. The environs of Keil are very picturesque. Beautiful beach woods flank the winding roads, leading into the country, which abounds with unique farm houses and rural residences, painted in bright colors, covered with tiles and peacefully reposing in beds of bright hued fragrant flowers and the densest foliage of beautiful trees. The shores of the haven in this vicinity present very pleasant promenades; situate upon them are several summer hotels and warm sea-water bathing places. On the west bank of the haven, or fiorde as it is called there, one soon reaches the mouth of the Schleswig-Holstein canal, which is twenty miles long and was constructed two hundred years ago to connect the Baltic with the North Sea, by way of the Eider. It is navigable however by vessels of light tonnage only, and therefore is not in general use for passenger and heavy freight traffic.

The journey from Kiel to Copenhagen is made by steamer to Korsör, thence by rail. The voyage down the beautiful fiorde and across the Baltic is usually made at night; however, if it be moonlight this fact scarcely lessens the pleasure of the excursion. The time during which the vessel plies in the open sea is short, its course lying through the Longland belt between the island of that name and the far more important Laaland to the east. The green shores of the islands, ever varying in their rugged profile as the vessel speeds by, are the most refreshing comforters of sea-sick passengers that could be supplied. It is generally in the earliest hours of daylight that, emerging from the inexpressible horrors of a tempestuous night in the close cabin, the woeful countenance of the distressed traveler is made to gleam with a sickly smile as he appears on the deck and yearningly beholds the verdant fields on either side. The bracing breeze soon puts him in good condition and by the time Korsör is

reached, he is in the happiest humor to enjoy one of the pleasantest railway journeys the world affords.

Across the level island of Zealand the scene is one of pastoral beauty, no mountains nor ravines, nor mighty rivers break the quiet landscape, but the pastures and cultivated hedge bound fields are richly teeming with perfume exhaling clover and ripening grain. The honest husbandman rejoices in the fertility of his fatherland as he sits under the beech tree groves and watches his herds of small cattle, or takes his noonday meal. There are no great, smoking cities nor noisy railway junctions passed on this journey, indeed there are none in Denmark, the only important city being the capital, and the resources of the king-

dom consisting of agricultural and shipping industries. Roskilde, population five thousand, is the only town of consequence between the coasts of Zealand. It was the ancient capital, having had at one time a hundred thousand inhabitants. It was the home of the monarchs and contains, in the only remaining relic of its greatness—the Cathedral—all the graves of that illustrious line from Herold I, who died in 985 to Frederick VII, whose remains were buried there in 1863. Many of the tombs and chapels are finely sculptured and enriched by works of art. An hour after leaving this celebrated and beautiful repository of deceased royalty, the train reaches Copenhagen, the capital of the Kingdom of Denmark. *De Vallibus.*

## A TRIP TO DENMARK.

### I.

#### LONDON TO HAMBURG.

THE tight, little, deep-sea steamers plying between London and Hamburg are officered by a race of England's jolliest mariners. The captains are those square built, ruddy faced, offhand, swearing fellows, who always seem to fill their double-breasted, brass-buttoned coats a little two full, and gain temporary relief by the letting off from time to time of the surplus profanity which swells them up. They are of that class of captains—their vessels being confined to second class oceans—who are not above the proverbial yarn spinning characteristics, which have made sea captains famous the world over. On the Atlantic steamers, it is beneath the dignity of the scientific commanders to tell stories; they talk international politics and entertain the saloon passengers, from the head of the captain's table, with learned disquisitions on religion, supplemented with small talk, of the most approved and aesthetic order, for the ladies.

The stout fisted, brawny Englishman, full of beer and profanity, who commanded the *Sir Robert Peel*, was not of the above description. He had been a whaler in the Arctic ocean, and told of ships collided with icebergs, boats cap-

sized by the flap of a whale's tail, hair-breadth escapes from a thousand dangers, of spectacles in the water and the sky, and how the sagacity or courage of brave captains, mates or forecstemmen had saved the ship, discovered an abandoned crew, or accomplished an extraordinary run in the face of unsurpassed difficulties. As long as consciousness remained—it succumbed to mixed drinks at the moment the pilot came on board at the mouth of the Elbe—the captain talked, more to the wonderment than the instruction of his guests.

The voyage from the Thames across the German ocean to the broad and beautiful Elbe, is one of many pleasures and few discomforts, provided you are on the right ship with fair weather; in case the vessel is inferior and the sea tempest-torn, as is most generally the condition, one must be a philosopher or a mariner to find any satisfaction in it. The innumerable fishing craft, sailing vessels, yachts and steamers, from all ports of the world seeking the harbor of Hamburg and the coast of England, give the surface of the North Sea the appearance of being more thickly inhabited than any other of the oceans. You are never out of sight of a vessel, and land birds follow you from one

shore to the other. The lower Elbe is a broad picturesque stream, and affords one of the pleasantest river excursions in northern Germany. Its hilly banks are cultivated and adorned with beautiful villas, small fishing towns, and the imposing commercial city of Hamburg, which, with its forest of masts rising from the harbor, rivals the great sea ports of Liverpool and Glasgow.

Hamburg contains about three hundred thousand inhabitants, and is the principal shipping town of northern Europe. It is situated about sixty miles from the mouth of the Elbe, and on a small stream called the Alster, which forms a large basin outside the town and a smaller one within it, and is then discharged through locks into the canals which flow through the lower part of the town. Nothing is known of the origin of Hamburg. It was doubtless settled at a very early period, its natural advantages distinguishing it as a most desirable site for a great city. In the time of Charlemagne, from 805 A. D., that emperor gave it considerable attention, building a castle there and founding a church, which was raised afterwards to the rank of an arch-bishopric. During the succeeding centuries the town was frequently pillaged by Danes and Normans, but under the jurisdiction of Adolph IV, and other counts of Holstein, in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, Hamburg was very greatly favored, many of the privileges and immunities which formed the foundation of its subsequent independence being then secured. In the thirteenth century Hamburg entered into treaty with Lubeck, and formed with other cities the powerful Hanseatic League, which embraced ninety cities, and became a most powerful, peace-loving but progressive and conquering organization. It subdued southern Sweden and Denmark, and for over a century flourished independently. Some of the cities thus declared free have maintained their independence to the present time.

In 1810 Hamburg was annexed to the French Republic; three years after, in an attempt to rebel against the foreign yoke,

a most disastrous conflict ensued, the inhabitants suffering great indignities and hardships from the French. During this period of disorder it is said that the city lost the enormous sum of thirteen million pounds. After the peace of Vienna, Hamburg rapidly increased in population, wealth and power, and notwithstanding the disastrous fire of 1842, when a fourth of the city was destroyed, she has continued to prosper, and to-day ranks among the first independent cities of the world.

The attractions of Hamburg beyond those which her cosmopolitan commerce create—located about the harbor and exchange—are meagre. The pleasantest portion of the city is around the Binnen Alster, which is a mile in circumference, and is navigated by small screw steamers, sail boats, canoes, etc. On three sides of this basin the finest buildings are erected and occupied by the best shops, while the northern side consists of a wide promenade adorned with trees and fine shrubbery; it separates the small inner basin from the Aussen Alster, which is very large, extending beyond the city limits several miles; its banks are lined with country residences and pleasant woods and drives.

The exchange is the daily scene of great commotion; for two or three hours every afternoon, from four to five thousand brokers, merchants and shipowners congregate there and create a perfect babel. Their noisy calls and bids, frantic gestures, pushing and clamoring, as viewed from the gallery above them, are more suggestive of an insane asylum than of a commercial mart, where values and discounts are being negotiated. The building is a very large one, containing a reading room, restaurant and commercial library of forty thousand volumes. The Botanical and Zoological Gardens of Hamburg are among the best of Germany, particularly the latter, which is supplied by voyagers from all parts of the globe with curious animals, birds and reptiles. A good aquarium is connected with it, in which may be seen specimens of the finny tribe from all the navigable waters of the world.

The churches, public institutions, palaces and principal residences are all modern, being erected since the great fire of 1842. For this reason Hamburg is not considered one of the necessary places to be visited by the tourist. The Johanneum, a spacious edifice erected in 1834, contains the chief educational institutions of Hamburg, among them a college, gymnasium or grammar school, a commercial school, and the town library, which consists of three hundred thousand volumes and five thousand MSS. It also contains the Museum of Natural History, in which are many skeletons and the finest display of conchylia in Germany; the shells of every description there exhibited are wonderfully beautiful and interesting. In the same building is located the Museum of

Hamburg antiquities, where, among other curiosities, is preserved an old tombstone representing an ass blowing the bagpipes, with a quaint inscription, signifying that the world being turned upside down, it is the appropriate thing for his long eared highness to make the music for the rest of the donkeys to dance to.

*De Vallibus.*

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## BITS OF TRAVEL.

### THE RHINE.

AMONG the rivers of the world, none is more celebrated than the beautiful Rhine. In poem and story, in the pages of history and modern guide books, its picturesque scenery is alike set forth in the most glowing terms; and indeed its placid waters, backed in by ever varying mountain slopes, some wild as nature made them, others in all states of cultivation, justly entitle the fair stream to the renown history and romance have given it.

The river, rising in the Alps, at an elevation of nearly ten thousand feet above the sea, flows over mountain cataracts and falls, and smoothly through the plains of Northern Germany to the

North Sea, a distance of eight hundred miles; with its numerous tributaries, however, its waters are navigable fifteen hundred miles, making it a river of commerce as well as one of beauty.

The "tour of the Rhine" is made in the season—May to October—by American built steamers, and consists in a voyage from Cologne to Mayence, made in one day, or more enjoyably by stopping over at the towns and castles, from day to day, for a week.

Until Bonn is reached, the country on either side is level and uninteresting; from that city, however, it becomes hilly and mountainous, and at every bend of the river affords new and most beautiful scenery. Forest covered hills, with a

growth of trees and underwood so dense as to appear like a mat of shrubbery, are surmounted with ancient turreted and bastioned castles, that have stood the sieges of feudal warriors, and the varying seasons since the time of Charlemagne. Nothing can be thought of more agreeable than a ramble or picnic, with a pleasant company, in these forest glades; and a visit to the ruins of ancient towers, and the old residential halls of princes and potentates of the middle ages; and to listen to the mysterious legends and tales of horror, that the custodian of each portrays with such vivid exactness, as to fill the listener with wonderment, and not unfrequently with fear.

The cultivation of the grapevine receives special attention on the banks of this wonderful river, and from it the most celebrated and costly wines are produced. So eager are husbandmen to possess vineyards that get the benefit of the sun's reflection from the river, and of the name for their wines, that rocky precipices have been secured by them, in which holes are hewn out and crates of earth are lodged; in these are planted choice varieties of grapevine, that are trellised over the rocks, and bear in great profusion.

At Coblenz, a city of considerable size, and the headquarters of a military department, an ancient castle is used for barracks. The streets were quite crowded with gaily dressed soldiers, and the bustle about town indicated that it was a place of life and business. Just as the shades of night were falling, we prepared to leave this city on our journey to the World's Fair at Vienna. As we were on the way to the station, on the slope of a beautiful hill, we met a peculiar character, the first we had yet seen, and one that deserves description. A genuine Cistercian monk; he was clothed in a garment of rough brown material, reaching from the shoulders to the feet, with a hood for the head, thrown back, and a girdle of common rope around the waist. His bare feet were incased in wooden

sandals, laced with thongs of raw hide over the instep; his pate was shaved from the crown outward, leaving only a circle of brown hair running round from the forehead to the base of the head. A more idiotic looking person we had never seen. He appeared like a relic of rusty ages just emerged from the dry brown earth, to testify that Darwin had good grounds of resemblance for his theory on the "Descent of Man." It was hard for us not to feel contempt, mingled with pity, for poor fallen men, who could believe the intelligent, life-giving doctrines of the Savior, found an exponent in the withered, self-abused fragment of a man, claiming the reverence of Christians, before us,

Though from Coblenz the Rhine should be "done" by boat, we found it a glorious trip by rail. It was moonlight, and the shadows in the water, with reflected lights from the cars, and the starry heavens above, gave the river a most enchanting appearance, while the dark banks frowned upon the glittering ripples below, in picturesque contrast.

Near the pass of the Lurlei, the most beautiful scene on the river, an echo is repeated fifteen times. The scream of the locomotive sounds and resounds like the rumbling of distant artillery. We rolled into the station at Mayence in the stillness of the night, and securing the courtesy of the conductor by the liberal use of a vial of cordial, suited to the palate of German conductors, we were locked in the *coupe* of a through car for Vienna, and curling up on the seats, wrapped in warm rugs, we slept in sweet unconsciousness, with dreams of the beautiful Rhine, until morning.

*De Vallibus.*

## WANDERING THOUGHTS ABOUT GERMANY.

WE complain that the Continent is used up, and that one finds the same people and the same dishes and the same prices on the other side the Channel as we are familiar with on this side. Quite true, if we stick to the Rhine and the Oberland, or to Baden and Paris; but, if we will go a little out of the beaten track, there are districts, even within a day's journey of Charing Cross, which are as simple and unspoiled as they were when the flood of tourists first began to spread its fertilizing but corrupting waves over the Continent, and where a man with twenty days, twelve pounds, a pair of serviceable legs, and a conversational knowledge of German at his command, may enjoy, not of course Alpine scenery and Alpine perils, but much quiet beauty and much simplicity of life and habits. Such districts are to be found in the Vosges, the Black Forest, the Odenwald, the Taunus, and the volcanic district between the Rhine, the Moselle, and the Ahr, called the Eifel. To the geologist this latter region, with its extinct volcanoes and its lava-streams, is of the highest interest and importance; but even to the ordinary traveler it presents, not indeed grand, but very striking scenery: a high plateau, some twelve hundred feet above the Rhine, broken by conical hills with flattened tops; lovely deep-blue circular lakes, wooded to the water's edge, filling up the centers of ancient volcanoes; wide sweeps of landscape, stretching beyond the Rhine and away toward Lorraine; and clean country inns, where the *Fräulein* wishes you "*Guten Appetit*" as she serves your supper of fresh trout and veal-cutlets.

It is probably because the idea of a walking tour is altogether foreign to a Frenchman's habits and tastes, whereas with Germans of all classes it is the established way of spending a holiday, that the country inns in France are so inferior to those in Germany. In both North and South Germany, in every village of any size, you may reckon upon finding at least one inn where clean and comfortable, if humble, accommodation may be found; but he would require to have "*robur et æs triplex circum pectus*," and indeed round all parts of his body, who should intrust himself to a village *auberge* in any part of France, from Picardy to Provence. Even in the larger provincial towns, to which the ecclesiastical traveler may be attracted by the beauty of their churches, notably in Auxerre, Sens, Chartres, and the like, the hotels, though often more pretentious, are usually much inferior to those of far less important towns in Germany. The fact is, that the French, as a rule, do not explore their own coun-

try; provincials go to Paris, and Parisians go to their campagne, or to the seaside, or to visit a friend in the country, and certain classes of Frenchmen travel on business; but it needs only to compare any French guide-book with the works of the great Bädeler to perceive how entirely absent from the French mind is that love of wandering, whether on a larger or smaller scale, which in the German is so prominent.

I had not been in Germany, except in passing rapidly through, since the Franco-German war; and, though I did not notice that deterioration in the German character which is sometimes said to have been the consequence of the war, I did observe one very significant symptom of its results. It has always been the practice at the entrance of a town or village, usually on the first house, to write up the name of the place with the *Kreis* and *Regierungs-Bezirk*, the larger and smaller civil district, the county and union as we might say, to which it belonged. Now, however, the name of the place is followed by the regiment and the battalion in which its fighting males are enrolled, the civil division following in humble inferiority to the military. Whether this is the case throughout Germany, I know not; I can only speak for a large district of Rhine-Prussia; but, in any case, it is a striking symptom of the development of militarism—an evil word newly come into use to denote an evil thing—which lies like an incubus upon Germany. No doubt Germany has a difficult position to maintain: until France has thoroughly mastered the lesson which she has got to learn—the lesson of abstinence from aggressive warfare and of sedulous devotion to the arts of peace—Germany can not place her army on a peace footing; and, on the other side, the condition of Austria obliges her to be vigilant. Yet none the less it is a calamity for Europe that the nation which, for the first three quarters of the century, has been in the van of the intellectual movement, should now have been forced, or should have forced herself, into the position of the great military power of Europe. It can hardly be doubted, unless the stream of tendency is to flow back again, that the reign of brute force is destined, slowly perhaps, but surely, to come to an end, and that the day will come when royal personages will no longer of necessity array themselves in military costume on all solemn occasions, as the only raiment befitting their dignity.\* Already wars of wanton aggression are

\* Since this was written, France has done herself honor by taking for her chief ruler "*Un Président en habit noir*."

branded by the public opinion of civilized Europe; even the Napoleons, uncle and nephew, felt obliged to put forward some colorable pretext for their attacks on their neighbors. But a still further elevation of international morality is seriously postponed by the military spirit which at present seems to pervade the ruling classes in Germany. And if this spirit is a hindrance to the progress of Europe, still more is it an element of danger to Germany herself. Nowhere else, probably, in Europe are the mediæval and the modern spirit, the spirit of authority and militarism, and the spirit of liberty and industry, to be found ranged against each other in such force. Nowhere else is an aristocracy, feudal in ideas if not in power, confronted so directly by a proletariat leavened with the ideas and aspirations which the late Pope summed up under the term "the Revolution." And therefore those who are fostering the military spirit and painting up the regiment and the battalion before the civil organization are, in fact, sitting on the safety-valve, purchasing present force and movement at the cost of an imminent explosion. The desire of all who believe in the future progress of the race should be that, without any great convulsion or cataclysm, modern ideas may, as men are able to bear them, supersede those of barbarism and feudalism; that the age of armies and privileged classes may pass—as it must pass—peacefully and gradually into the age of free industrial development and equal rights and "*la carrière ouverte aux talents*." In France, indeed, the accumulated evils of many generations had so wrought themselves into the very life and system of the nation, that they could not be driven out without a terrible paroxysm of revolution; but in Germany, the mother of inquirers and thinkers, it might be hoped that the change should be a peaceful and a natural process. If however, the present apparent predominance of the military spirit is more than a mere passing symptom, if Germany is to continue to be, in the happy phrase of M. Rénan, "crushed beneath the weight of her own armor"—if, instead of fostering industry and commerce, the ruling classes are bent upon developing the present system of bloated armaments and of unproductive expenditure of the people's earnings upon guns and drums and villainous saltpetre—then it can hardly be doubted that a terrible day of reckoning will come at last, and that the force of the ultimate explosion will be in proportion to the weight of repression.

In truth, the present policy of Europe seems calculated to force on the question whether, after all, smaller states are not better suited for the growth and maintenance of liberty than these vast and sometimes heterogeneous empires which it

has been the work of modern Europe to pile up with much labor and to cement with much blood. Setting aside Great Britain, as having her boundaries fixed for her by nature, and Austria as an altogether abnormal and portentous growth, it may fairly be questioned whether, for instance, the unification of Germany will have been a benefit or an injury to Europe, if it causes her, by maintaining a vast military establishment, to crush her restless masses into despair, and to keep her neighbors' armaments at their present overgrown scale. It is at least among the possibilities of the distant future, that a federation of small republics, united closely for purposes of defense and of commerce and intercourse, but otherwise independent, may take the place of the enormous monarchies which now overshadow Europe.

At present, however, Germany is great, and will remain great so long as her rulers can hold her together. But it is amusing to notice how neither the infinitely great nor the infinitely little is beyond the notice of the Government. At the little town of Altenahr, I was surprised to notice the figures 23 legibly painted on the lintel of the church door. Apparently, an edict had gone forth from the Home Office that every house in every town should be numbered consecutively, and accordingly, the church being the twenty-third house in Altenahr, it was numbered 23. Fancy if Westminster Abbey were known to the official mind only as No. 57 Parliament Street! But the home government of Germany is conducted on a policy of "peddling and meddling" (to paraphrase a celebrated epigrammatic saying), which a born German accepts as his natural heritage, but which to any other nation would be intolerable. Not long ago—very likely they are there still—there were to be read in the carriages of a German railway the following regulations: "Only one window of this compartment may be open at one time, and that only on the side from which the wind does not blow, and that only with the expressed consent of all the travelers in the compartment." So that if on the hottest day the travelers are unanimous in wishing to put down both windows, or the window on the windward side, a paternal government interposes its veto, and says: "Not so, my children. I know what is best for you. You will get cricks in your necks and rheumatic pains in your shoulders, and will be unable to fight for the Fatherland. One window only, and that on the leeward side." The maxim of English lawyers, "*De minimis non curat lex*," might be exactly adapted to German usage by the omission of the negative. Any one who may have chanced to take lodgings in a German city some five-and-twenty years ago—it may be so now very likely—will remember with awe the form which on the very first day of his entry

was brought to him from the Polizei to be filled up; how he had to inform the Government not only of his own Christian name and age, but of the Christian names and ages of each of his revered parents, of his religious profession, of his means of living, of his reasons for coming there, whether he had ever been there before, how long he proposed staying there, with sundry other particulars, dear to the mind of a German official, but hateful to the independence of a freeborn Briton. The way in which a German carries about with him under all circumstances, and probably keeps under his pillow at night, his "Legitimations-Schein," and all those precious documents attesting his identity, without which he would consider that he had lost his right to exist, is a standing marvel to those who believe that formalities were made for man, and not man for formalities. It must, however, be admitted that there are occasions when this bondage to formalities has its compensating advantages. This present writer set out one hot summer day to walk to the colossal statue of Bavaria, outside Munich. The road led round the outermost boundaries of a meadow; but as the said road was hot and dusty and the meadow was soft and cool, he naturally took the shorter cut across the grass. He was accosted on the farther side by an official, red with anger, who informed him that the way across the meadow was "am strengen verboten," and that he was liable to a fine of three gulden, which would assuredly have been inflicted, but unfortunately the official whose duty it was to enforce it was gone to his dinner, and therefore the majesty of the law could not for the moment be vindicated.

It is obvious that a nation which has been accustomed to accept as part of the natural order of things a pedantic and minute system of interference in the small details of life, is exposed to a great danger. When the work of government is in the hands of a bureaucracy, men who under a more popular government would find a healthy outlet for their activity in political and municipal action will be thrown back upon themselves, and will brood over theories while they leave others to do the practical work. And in this way a dangerous separation is produced between theoretical and practical politicians, and the Government has to reckon, not with a party in opposition, who, if they should succeed to their places, would carry on the administration of affairs pretty much on the same lines, though with more of reforming energy or more of conservative caution, but with an irreconcilable faction, whose object is to blow up the existing building in order to clear the ground for an entirely new departure. The present spread of socialism in Germany, which has evidently alarmed the ruling classes, and

which is a distinct danger for society in Europe, may probably be attributed partly to the excessive development of militarism, and partly to the perilously wide division of classes. Whether Germany, which has for so long been the prolific mother of new ideas in theology, in history, in metaphysics, in philology, is in the coming age to be the source of a new political propaganda, is a question which time only can decide. It is at least certain that antagonistic forces of unknown power are at work in the heart of German society; that their antagonism, instead of being mitigated, is becoming intensified, and that the materials for an explosion, though differently compounded, are almost as plentiful in Germany now as they were in France a century ago.

How far the religious element contributes to the danger it is impossible for one merely looking on the surface to pronounce an opinion. That the Falk laws must have produced great irritation in the Catholic part of Germany, and must have created considerable disaffection against the Imperial Government, can not be doubted. It is, of course, a very difficult thing for a Protestant Government to deal with an empire of which some of the constituent parts, formerly independent, are strongly Catholic; but in such a case it would at least have been safer to err on the side of laxity, and to bear in mind that, while repression irritates, liberty often disarms opposition. It is not without some grounds that German Catholics have raised a cry of persecution; and to persecute an adversary is to give him an unfair advantage. The penal laws in Ireland might have served for a salutary warning to Germany. It seems likely that the Catholics and Protestants would have found it possible to be Germans first and Catholics or Protestants afterward, if the state had abstained from "rattling up sleeping lions"; but, unhappily, it is the fact that on the Continent rulers, whether professing liberal or conservative principles, have not yet attained to the statesmanlike wisdom of Gallio,\* of whom it is recorded, to his infinite credit, that he "cared for none of those things." Not only in conservative Prussia, but also in democratic and radical Geneva, the Church of Rome has been treated with exceptional harshness. At Geneva, indeed, by a misapplication of the principle of universal suffrage, a large and costly church recently built by the Catholics has been handed over to a very small body of "Old Catholics," while the very people who built the church are driven to worship where they can; and the prohibition to appear in public in any ecclesiastical costume,

\* When will our preachers learn that Gallio, instead of an awful example of a careless Christian, is, in fact, an admirable instance of a magistrate "indifferently ministering justice"?

intended to annoy the Roman ecclesiastics, by the grotesque literalness of a gendarme, led to the arrest of a Protestant pastor one Sunday morning on his way from his house to the church.

In Geneva, indeed, it is certain that this rough handling of the Catholics is the work, not of Protestants, but of persons hostile to Christianity altogether. In Germany, however, the recent effusive confession of faith on the part of the Chancellor, and the well-known religious sentiments of the Emperor, forbid us to interpret so. Yet it might have been supposed that the present state of religion in Germany would have been a sufficient reason against attempting to depress or persecute any form of Christian belief. Indeed, so far as outward indications go, Catholicism is the only form of religion that has any real hold upon the people. In the Rhineland and in South Germany the churches are still crowded with devout worshipers, whereas in Protestant Prussia\* the very profession of Christianity has well-nigh died out. And this appears to constitute a far more serious and more threatening religious difficulty than the supposed intrigues of the Jesuits or the claim of universal allegiance on the part of the Roman Pontiff. For when a great nation is divided into two sections, the one without any religion or wish for religion, the other holding to the most rigidly dogmatic and authoritative form of Christianity, and when these two sections are not closely connected with each other by a thousand ties of daily intercourse, of neighborhood, of business, of kindred, as, for instance, the various religious denominations of Englishmen are connected, but are separated by almost as sharp a line as were formerly the slave-owning and the free States of America, it needs no political foresight to perceive that a time may come when religious questions will bring an intolerable strain upon German unity. And, further than this, it is a very grave and difficult problem, what is likely to be the effect on the national character of that absence of religion which is so striking a feature in the cultured classes of Germany. For a time the restraints of a public opinion formed under the influence of Christianity, and the sense of responsibility in the first generation of those who have abandoned dogmatic beliefs, may probably serve to maintain the standard of morality; but it is a thing hardly to be hoped for that in a second generation an equally high standard should be preserved, either by the abstract idea of virtue or the positive law of the state. Assuredly the motives to right conduct

\* "Who that knows modern Germany will call it a Christian land, either in the sense Rome gives to the term, or in the meaning Luther attached to it?"—"Letters on the State of Religion in Germany," reprinted from the "Times," 1870.)

which Christianity has to offer—hope for the individual, hope for the race, a great act of self-sacrifice requiring self-sacrifice in return, self-reverence springing from a sense of a high and divine calling, the consciousness of the divine Fatherhood resulting in a claim of universal brotherhood, an unswerving faith in the final and complete victory of good over evil, and, above all, love to God and to our fellow-men as the main-spring of life—these motives are considerably superior to any mere "honesty is the best policy" principle. Nor are indications wanting among the upper class in Germany of that sense of hopelessness and vacancy in life which comes of mere negation. "Ach, ich bin lebensmüde" was the exclamation of a young man of apparently good social position, who in England might probably have been doing good service to his fellow-men in some of those positions which with us are open to men who have time and money to bestow on public objects, but who seemed utterly without an object or a motive in life. "Positivism" has at least this recommendation, that if it denies Christianity it asserts the religion of humanity; whereas the mere blank negation of all religion which seems to be the present mental attitude of the cultivated classes in Germany can result in no high or noble activity, no moral heroism, nothing but the old story, "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die." And among the working classes, it is certain that no system has yet been discovered capable of raising the tone of society, of promoting temperance, self-respect, domestic purity, thrift, and unselfishness, except Christianity. It may be very well admitted by the most earnest apologists of the Christian faith, that it has been weighted with much adventitious matter that does not belong to its essence; that Catholics and Protestants have been too apt to "make the word of God of none effect through their traditions"; that religion has been made too much a matter of the intellect and of the imagination, too little of the heart and the life; that people have been too much in the habit of inquiring about a man's religious "persuasion" rather than about his religious life; and it is possible that the decay of Christian profession in Germany and in France, and in a far less degree in England, has been owing to the form under which the advocates of religion have insisted on presenting it. But, if so, it would be well if all religious teachers would imitate the courageous wisdom of an English bishop, who is reported lately to have said, "If you can not join us with the miracles, join us without the miracles"; for if they insist on an acceptance of the supernatural as a condition of adopting Christianity as a rule of life, assuredly a return of the mass of the people in Germany to religious profession is a

thing not to be hoped for. To accept the supernatural, indeed, in the highest sense, is an essential condition of any religious faith, for Christian morality is, in the strictest sense of the word, supernatural; but it is probable that the Founder of Christianity would not have rejected any who were weary and heavy-laden, and were willing to learn duty and conduct of him.

Unhappily, however, there is much reason to fear that, although this estrangement from Christianity may have originated in a recoil from over-dogmatism, there is now a strong element of revolt against its ethical requirements. And if this is so, if either avowedly or unconsciously large masses of men reject the Christian code as setting before them an ideal which they can not bring themselves to aim at, then it remains for the Christian Church to put forth a new power, to develop some resource which shall be to the

nineteenth century what the prophets and the Baptist were to the Jews, and the preaching friars to the middle ages. Evils sooner or later bring about their own remedy; and if the future is for Christianity, under whatever change of form, it is certain that sooner or later her beneficent influence will go forth with renewed force, conquering and to conquer. Meanwhile, for Germany and for every other civilized land, the main thing is to aim at the highest; that all men should ask *as though* Christianity were true, and should resolutely and perseveringly cultivate "whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report," in the firm faith that right thinking must come of right doing, and that to him that orders his conversation aright will ultimately be shown the highest truth.

R. E. B., in *Fraser's Magazine*.